THE PRESENT AGE.

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IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the church of which Dr. Meredith was the minister there were probably about seventy-five members. Some of the wealthy members resided at Germantown, a charming place about four miles from the business portion of Philadelphia, and combining the advantages of the country with those of proximity to a city. Here seems gathered the wealth and the wealthy of the city of parallel rivers. The taste and style of the residences are varied, but always elicit the exclamations "how pretty" or "how grand!" In the streets we realize the sensation of a city; but behind each dwelling lies the free fresh country, rolling and very beautiful. The lots seem to vary from about ten to one or two hundred acres.

On adjoining estates resided the Forsyth families—Mr. Forsyth, senior, who had accompanied the minister to this country, where he had acquired all his wealth, and Mr. Forsyth junior, who had married the ministers daughter. One hundred acres of land stretched behind the adjoining houses afforded all the seclusion and charm of country life on one side, while on the other the usual public conveyances strictly linked them with the city of Philadelphia.

Parties were frequently given by the Forsyths to all the members of the church and their families. Usually the invitation was to spend the day, dinner and supper being served on tables set under the trees. How natural, how charming seemed the whole programme of pleasure for the day, pencilled out by the participants on each glad hour as it flew to greet the next, the minister and his wife, looking kindly and smilingly on all the sports of the young folks as they ran up and down hill, young men and maidens trying to see who could run the fastest, others being engaged in a game of ball, dancing under the dense foliage of the trees or playing at blind-man's buff, the children flitting hither and thither activly partaking in all the pleasures of the occasion.

In the evening "to the ball-room—to the ball-room!" was passed around; then away all hastened through the grounds over the brook into the woods, where a rough building had been erected for the purpose indicated. Here the minister and Mrs. Meredith were to be found again as happy as the happiest, looking on the dancers as they moved to-and-fro, listening to the remarks of one, then another, and all feeling as living children would at home—that father and mother were present and all was quite right. Little and big, old and young, joined in the dance; there was no envy, no mean criticisms; they were one family, one church, the minister and his wife their good loving guardians and approving audience on such occasions, for they did not dance. Occasionally a young lady or a little child would ask the minister to dance. "I can't dance," he would reply, "and now I'm too old to learn; we enjoy it just as much as you to see you all so happy."

One of those parties was to be given while Jane was on her visit to Philadelphia. Notes of invitation had been received by William and Hannah, also friend Martindale and Jane; so about ten in the morning on the day designated, these friends were on their way to Germantown.

The day was passed as usual. On their arrival they found both houses open for guests, piano music and singing occupying some groups, others gathering in the parlors or under the trees in conversation, while others again rambled in the meadow gathering flowers, with which they adorned the gentlemen's hats, or placed around each other's heads evergreen wreaths. Here was a number enjoying the swing; there a merry gathering were playing the huntsman. The grown man and the little child alike abandoned to the day and its sports.

In the afternoon Mr. Timothy Cuff made his appearance with Miss Elizabeth Forsyth, only daughter of Mr. Forsyth. sen., who would, with her brother, inherit all her father's wealth. He was inseparable from her; in whatever group she might be seen, there was Mr. Cuff at her side, evidently his and his only, he thought, for that day. Hannah asked him once whether or no he intended to eat any cake, cream, etc., to which he replied, "Nature's laws—nature's laws, ladies! Nature's laws we must obey!"

"The ball—the ball is going to commence!" shouted the children; and away ran ladies and gentlemen down the hill, hats hanging by the ribbons, curles flying from their fastenings. The music had begun, and Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were already there seated respectivly in an arm chair and a rocking chair. How many kissed Mrs. Meredith and shook hands with the minister whom they called "Father Meredith." As the dancing continued, little girls and boys were moving here and there during the recess with confectionary, fruit and lemonade; eat, laugh and talk; then again the music strikes up; the gray-haired man leads out the girl just in her teens, while the boy and the matron dance together; enjoyment is the order of the day, formality having hidden its head in shame. "Never mind if you can't dance; join the set; you must learn; I'll take you through," was said many a time that evening. "We came for enjoyment," said an old gentleman to Hannah Tilghman; "come, I'll take thee through if thee is a Quaker," and away went our Quakeress in her suit of drab.

Were dancing more generally approved by parents, did they get up parties for their children and attend themselves, the influence of home, of the church and of right-doing might be extended to the "poetry of motion." Thus dancing might be purged of its present objectionable features and associations, sanctified and made what it should be and naturally is—a healthful, beneficial exercise to body and soul. No parties of young people should be allowed without the presence of elders—not as a frowning restaining influence, but if not participants at least as an appreciative, approbative presence; thus the young and old would continue united, as nature evidently designed. Men and women are grown-up children, and our children are little men and women. One in the duties of life, one in enjoyments, entertainments and pleasures, good—and only good—can be the result of such commingling.

Perhaps the minister realized these truths when he remarked to Jane, that the fun and joyousness of children should not be frowned out of existence, but directed by parents, and pastors; that it was healthy and holy to dance and that the way to keep young people from bad associates and bad society, was to constitute *ourselves* their associates and society, by which we would be mutually blessed, for what so cheering as the jest, the enthusiasm and the laugh of the young?

Jane and Hannah had given to Mother and Father Meredith an account of their experiments. He was greatly interested; "I would like to try an experiment," the minister said, "before we go home; I suppose you will leave town to-morrow; as there are enough of the old people here; we will hardly be missed, I suppose; so let us go to the house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meredith rising; "Jane you can come with me; father can go with Hannah; I want to ask about dear little Jessie; here is William; come go with us to my daughter's house; we are going to try an experiment or two."

Mrs. Forsyth, the ministers daughter, proposed that Jane should take a letter which had been received that day and had not been opened. "It would be a test," she said, "for I don't recognize the hand-writing."

Jane commenced:—"This person is religious, for veneration is quite active; conscientiousness is active in connection with this organ; you have observed the sun-shining in the window sometimes like a bright hand, every particle of dust in its pathway visible; well, I can only compare what I seem to see in my own brain to that—a bright current connecting conscientiousness with veneration. I should think the person very particular about attending church and observing religious forms; benevolence is not deficient. Acquisitiveness is decidedly large and conscientiousness is well developed, but there is no connection between these organs. [A pause.] I think this is written by an old lady" Then taking the letter from her hand, Jane said, "I will give you my opinion of the writer:—she is conscientious in the forms and ceremonies of religion, but she is not a practical Christian; she is dishonest she would steal."

"Rebecca, have you an idea whose it is?"

"No, father,—unless it is from Mrs. Robinson; I know she steals."

The letter was opened and found to be from said person.

"You are right, Jane," said Dr. Meredith; "Mrs. Robinson is a Methodist, and regularly attends church, class-meeting, prayer-meeting—all the means of grace, yet she steals whenever she can; if she visits a friend or neighbor she goes not away as poor as she came. You spoke of seeing that current which linked some of the organs together; will you please explain that part a little?"

"For the time being I seem to be the individual whose head or character I examine. In examining this lady's I seemed to feel not only phrenologically the character, but to see internally the brain, especially the currents which like bands of light connects the organs or parts of the brain which act in unison."

"I suppose you call that the *nerve-auric* current Jane, until a better name suggests itself," said the minister.

"Yes, I think that name very appropriate, as the brain is the centre of the nervous system."

"I have another letter for you, Jane, if you are not tired," said the minister.

"O, I am not tired."

A long silence ensued; then Jane said: "This is a single lady; lives much in the upper story; has considerable intellect; thinks more than she expresses; devoted; curious; conscientious; truthtful; cautious; benevolent, quite so—the very opposite of miserly; adhesiveness well developed; loves the babies; constructiveness well developed."

As Jane removed the letter from her forehead the minister smiling said, "Now Jane, you do not know whose character you brought to the tribunal that time; shall I tell you?"

"Whose is it?" enquired Hannah as the minister's smile grew brighter and his silence continued.

"It is the character," he said slowly, "of a little girl named Jane Allston."

How astonished was Jane, and how the laugh passed around!

"One more," said Dr. Meredith, "if you please Jane; none here have ever seen the individual that I know of."

"I should think," said Jane in a few moments, "that this person is in the habit of speaking in public; has much dignity without pride, and is pleasant and agreeable without undue familiarity a mind well cultivated and character formed; large perceptives; eye brows well arched; probably has keen eyes; the faculty of composition is rather large and active, especially in connection with oral language; reflectives prominent; intellect strong, grasping, not easily exhausted. The nerve-auric current—one branch of it—flows through veneration to the posterior (philanthropic) portion of benevolence; another branch comes from concentrativeness through conscientiousness to the same place, the combined current then flowing with increased force to the progressive and intellectual faculties. There is also a strong nerve-auric currents from the organs of combativeness (which is rather large) and force to the intellect to which these organs act as propelling faculties. In connection with the action of these faculties I feel like saying 'strict justice—deserts—right;' I should therefore infer that he occupies a responsible position"

"Quite correct, I believe Jaue; that is the character of Gov. ——— of Wisconsin."

"Thee would be enabled to give character, I suppose," said William, "if thee did not understand phrenology?"

"I could then only judge from my feelings; it would be like an individual minus one of the senses, for instance."

"Then," said the minister, "Phrenology is the basis of Psychomotry."

"Psychometry," Jane replied, "seems to me another step upward or forward in the science of mind."

"Another round in the ladder of progress," added the minister almost reverentially.

"The works of early Quakerism," said William, "abound with remarkable accounts of 'impressions' respecting the characters of individuals the perception of which often saved them form injury and sometimes from death. Now if from a piece of writing a person is enabled to give the character of another person who at the time is miles distant, Why is it? not the *writing* merely; a blank sheet of paper on which the hand had been laid would, I believe, do as well; we can try the experiment. The dog has a sense which we seem not to have; watch him put his nose to the ground as he seeks for his master; think of the blood hounds used in hunting runaway slaves. A man may be lost; well, bring out his coat or hat, let the hounds smell them and away they go on the trail of the man. Why is this? I account for it thus: We all have a *sphere* peculiarly our own; the coat, the hat, which the man has worn have imbibed that sphere, of which every footstep leaves the imprint, thus enabling him to be traced and detected by those animals. Now I think it is the same sphere, magnetism, or whatever we may call that something that is transferred to a piece of writing and enables an individual to give a character from that writing. A piece of clothing, gloves, necktie or any other article that has been worn, would if I am correct, answer the same as a letter. Again, if a piece of writing will enable us to read an individual then we need not wonder that the early Quakers, for instance, when by their 'silence,' 'looking within,' 'waiting for the spirit,' etc., they thus cultivated the faculty of Instructiveness or Psychometry, were enabled to perceive not only character but the past doing, present intentions, etc. etc., of entire strangers. Father Meredith," continued William earnestly, "this natural power, which all possess in a lesser or greater degree and can be cultivated, explains all this class of phenomena."

"Not all, I think," said Mr. Meredith; "for though God acts through and by law, yet it is evident that he sometimes suspends laws according to the Bible. When Christ's body rose the law of attraction was suspended in the first place; then the nature of the atmosphere which rarefies all bodies as we as cend must have been changed or suspended, or the body of Christ would have been separated into innumerable atoms. Here were two distinct miracles. It is evident that God does for a great purpose, sometimes manifest himself above and beyond law."

"We all believe," continued the minister, except, perhaps, William, that angels, or the spirits of just men made perfect,' have the power to read our thoughts; we believe in guardian angels, and we believe that they have the power of knowing our hearts, our past lives, coming good, or coming evil. Now we are spirits in material houses, spirits in the body; they are spirits out of the body. Their homes, their surroundings are most favorable to the development of these powers—powers the germ of which must have existed in their souls while here among us, and which every person possesses in a less or greater degree. Here—amid infidelity, skepticism and materiality—how little they have been recognized.

"I see in this power if cultivated far greater achievements than have yet been indicated; progess unfolds the soul; every step therein takes us nearer to the Infinite Father; the germs, the prophecies, the possibilities of all that man, of all that this earth can become, were millions of ages ago folded up in the great Heart of the Universe. If in man is the nucleus of all his future growth; if the physical world is governed by the same law (and we know that it is, for progress is everywhere seen, each part of creation keeping pace with every other, man adapted to the world and the world to man), those qualities, powers or capacities of the the soul which have hitherto with very rare exception—scarcely attained greater growth than the plumule, or the first appearance of the plant, may here, to a degree far exceeding our most glowing expectrtions, on this earth, before death, bud and blossom as they only do now after their transfer to another state of existence where the physical and spiritual atmospheres are more congenial. In short man will be enabled to ascend a few rounds higher on the ladder of the soul's progress—a ladder reaching all the way from the finite to the infinite Father of us all."

After a moment's pause the minister, with a genial smile on his face, added, "Our skeptical friend, William there, does not agree with this."

"I do not." replied William very emphatically; "if it shall ever be demonstrated that man has the abilities and capacities now usually supposed to appertain exclusively to angels; if man can naturally see the intentions and characters of persons, rend the veil of the past, unravel the future, see the thoughts of the heart—what proof have we of a spiritual existence, of immortality?"

"All these phenomena," said Hannah, prove to me that man has an immortal principle."

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," said the minister; "here is Hannah against you, friend William."

"I propose to adjourn," replied William laughingly. As they rose to depart, Jane related to Dr. Meredith the experiment with the diamond ring.

"Diamonds," remarked Hannah, "evidently have a refining influence; their great value, it would seem then, is not altogether imaginary. Now would thee not like a diamond pin in the necktie, and a diamond ring or two on thy fingers? O, I wish Ponto was here! how he would jump and agree to every word I say!"

"In the word," said the doctor, "gold and precious stones are used as correspondences to high spiritual truths and celestial goods whose value could only have been thus expressed because of the inadequacy of literal human language to convey ideas much beyond the comprehension of those using it. The beauty, value and purity of the emblems thus chosen are intrinsic—not merely factitious or fashionable; for the science of correspondences is founded on immanent qualities and inherent relations, not on arbitrary rules or caprice; therefore, is the value of the thing signified indexed by the sign, and that of the sign by the thing signified."

On the following day Jane returned to Estremadura, and, as before, was met at the cars by the children. Minnie holding up a letter said, "A letter from your sister, darling Miss Allston; mamma let me bring it because I told her you would like to have it. Now, do read it," she continued, after the usual greeting, as they rode along; so Jane opened it and read as follows:

DEAR JANE: Little Susie is married; this caused quite an excitement in all the country around; there is so little change here, so little news, that I am sure Sarah's wedding must be quite an event in local history. I suppose that no less than one hundred persons were present; all went on horseback. Our table, sofa, chairs, china, glass, every dish we possess, were lent for the occasion. Of table-cloths they had none, so all ours were brought into requisition. She is such a good, little innocent flower that it was a pleasure to brighten her wedding day. It was charming weather, which was very fortunate, for of course their cabin would not have held half their guests; tables were set outside under the trees, and logs rolled up for seats; and to bless the occasion with music no less than three fiddlers were present, for—

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he;
"He called for his pipe, and he called for his pot, and he called for his fiddlers three.
"And every fiddler had a fine fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he!"

"It was an original turn out, and an original occasion; our two sets of china were excellent suggesters of conversation, and our silver spoons were so admired that I really believe many of them never saw one before. That china was a very good present to mother; I appreciate it more and more since it performed such offices at little Sarah's wedding.

"Susie looked very pretty in her blue silk dress, and blue ribbon around her waist; it became her smooth, girlish face nicely; she placed one little rose-bud in her hair, which was combed smooth and plain behind her ears. Her young husband is a fine, noble looking man. When they stood up while the minister read the marriage ceremony, I felt very happy thinking of her future with him; he is very much attached to and proud of her. He is educated and uses good language—very different from the class at the wedding. None of his friends were there. He has three maiden sisters—old ladies—who keep house with him; I pity the little bird when I think of them; and yet when I remember his prond, protective looks on little Sarah, I think it will be all right.

"We left about midnight, but the party did not break up until morning; they danced, sung, smoked and drank all night. This little Susie has been as great a treat as a library of novels.

"Our farmer boy is just as sanguine as ever; he is going to do wonders in the spring. He reminds me of the milk maid with her pail of milk who was going to sell it and buy a calf. sell that and buy a cow, and so on up to a farm and beaux a swarm, but the milk falling off her head all swam away. So Oscar is going to teach, with his savings buy seed, etc. etc., *ad infinitum* until he has all appertaining to a wealthy farm and farmer; but his money will swim away when he gets it—in the supply of absolute needs.

"I'm afraid I'm not very poetic, for I've been thinking that while the grass grows the horse may starve, and that when produce is grown a wagon and horse (alas! our poor old horse is dead) will be needed to take said produce to market. Now as we have neither horse, wagon nor market, what will be done? Our corn and vegetables must yield us food and clothes; so I presume if ever thee comes to see us thee will find us in good old primitive style of dresses.

"Oscar's best coat is thread-bare, mother has just been patching it at the elbow; as she removed her glasses and laid it down, she said "my poor boy!" but I soon made her laugh by saying that it was a chapter in life, that it was charming fun and that in less than a year perhaps we would be wishing for our nice little country residence among the back-bone mountains. Mother comforts herself by saying well, if nothing more has been done my Jessie's health has been restored, and so I am satisfied.'

"I wish spring was come; I want to see what our farmer brother can do. JESSIE."

To be Continued.

Gems of Western Scenery.

BY HON. SCHUYLR COLFAX.

As the railroad train dashes down the western declivities of the Sierras—the steam shut off and the brakemen at their posts—our eyes are gladdened by a magnificent view of the Pacific slope; the foot-hills rolling away to the level plain, and Mount Diabolo, near San Francisco, but over one hundred miles from us, with the clouds around his base, but the sun shining brightly on his head. And, as we gaze at the smiling landscape, the fruitful fields, the pleasant pastures, and the vineyards green, of California, spread out in all their sunlit beauty snd richest verdure at our feet, and think of the alkali flats and verdureless valleys behind us, we feel almost as Christian must have felt, in that sacred Iliad, the "Pilgrim's Progress," when, after passing through the Slough of Despond, and over the Hill Difficulty, he at last reached the House Beautiful and the Delectable Mountains.

Twenty years ago a few houses perched on sand-hills formed the village of Yerba Buena. Now the city of San Francisco—almost rivalling in population Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis—welcomes the stranger and the visitor to magnificent hotels and palatial mansions—to crowded stores and mammoth warehouses—to churches and schools and libraries—to all the accessories of civilization and of wealth—to all the refinements of intellectual and social culture—to all the comforts and luxuries of metropolitan life, with a hospitality apparently as unparalleled and exhaustless as their ocean. With its back to the Pacific, six miles off, it fronts on a bay spacious enough to float the navies of the world, and whose tributaries drain almost the whole state; the Sacramento River coming down through its center from its northern and the San Joaquin (pronounced *Wahkeen*) from its southern region. Linked with iron bands, and by iron horses fleet as the wind, to the Atlantic, the granite portals of its Golden Gate seem destined to become the highway of commerce between Eastern Asia and Europe—the highway of nations, indeed.

In all my journeyings, I have found no land so attractive to a visitor as California. Abounding in fruits and flowers, with the productions of the temperate and tropical zones side by side; the olive and fig in the same garden with the peach and the cherry; with winter's freezing blasts unknown (except in the Sierras,) and that icy season mellowed to the Indian summer of our latitude; with strawberries every month of the year; and with blooming out-door gardens from December to December—who can wonder at the enthusiasm of its citizens?

It reminds me, as I write, of the description of Palestine, by Rev. Dr. Newman, in his "Dan to Beersheba," which he claims as "possessing a climate marked with the peculiarities of three zones, and collecting within a small compass pleasures and productions which Nature has elsewhere dispersed at great distances of time and place."

THE GEYSERS.

The Geysers cannot fail to remind visitors very palpably of the common idea of the dominion of Pluto. Bursting from the sides of the cannon at a hundred different points, are jets of scalding steam, bubbling and seething springs at boiling heat; rills whose waters are literally as black as ink; hot air, puffing as it escapes with the regularity and roaring noise of a high pressure engine; while all around, the earth, honeycombed and treacherous to the tread, is encrusted with sulphur, epsom salts, and other similar luxuries. The vapor fills the valley, and your lungs too, while you are there; and an hour suffices to make yon feel as if you were indeed near the laboratory of the infernal regions

Not the least interesting part of the trip to the Geysers is the ride with that famous driver, Foss, who owns the road by which it is reached. When Messrs. Bros, Bowles, Richardson, and the writer made our thirteen-thousand-mile journey together, in 1865, we all agreed that here the *ne plus ultra* of driving a four-in-hand was witnessed. We had "experienced" eleven miles per hour repeatedly on the Plains; we had been almost hurled down the mountain grades of the Sierra Nevada on the Donner Lake wagon road, at the rate of seven miles in twenty-four minutes, lofty cliffs on the one hand and yawning chasms on the other. But when Foss dashed down the last two miles to the Geyser Canon, on the road cut windingly into the steep hill-side barely the width of his wagon, with thirty-five short turns in it, and sixteen hundred feet descent, in nine minutes and forty seconds, we felt especially as, like all other passengers, we arrived safely, that this driving was pre-eminent and unrivaled.

OREGON.

The traveler who returns from California without visiting the State of Oregon and Washington Territory has but half visited the Pacific Slope. A three days' trip by steamer from San Francisco takes him to Portland, forty-five hundred miles from its namesake in Maine, a fine, prosperous city of 10,000 inhabitants, with three grand mountains—Hood, St. Helen's, and Adams—in sight, and surrounded amphitheatrically by symmetrical hills; or a five days' journey inland will enable the traveler to enjoy one of the finest stage-rides in scenery to be found in any country—the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, dotted with old oak groves, free from underbrush, "their vistas open and their branches green," bringing to mind forcibly what we read of the parks of noblemen in England; Mount Shasta, rising grandly and alone from the plain, nearly three miles toward the sky, in sight during two days of travel, imperial in his majesty, and with perpetual snow crowning his lofty summit; the beautiful valleys in Southern Oregon, which wind about through that otherwise impassable mountain region; and the Willamette Valley, in which reside a majority of the people of Oregon, a splendid body of rich agricultural land, over half of it yet unimproved, 150 miles long and 30 to 50 miles wide, between the Coast Range on the west and the foothills of the Cascade Mountains on the east, where the grass grows all winter and the rains render irrigation needless—the garden, indeed, in fertility of the extreme Northwest.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

From the Canon of the Colorado, in Arizona, up the whole Pacific Coast, the Columbia is the only river that has torn its way through the mighty mountain range which here changes its name from the Sierras to the Cascades. Grand as is the scenery of the Hudson at the Highlands, the Columbia, piercing the Cascade Range, with its waters drained from a thousand miles of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and its tributaries almost interlocking, in their mountain-perforating course, with the waters that flow into Salt Lake on the south and with the headwaters of the Athabasca, which flows into the Artic Ocean on the north, exceeds even your far-famed Hudson in magnificent scenery. Frowning mountains and overhanging cliffs rear themselves on either side, showing how the passage of this gigantic range was contested in that olden and prehistoric era; precipitous rocks line the channel, by the sides of which mammoth frigates could float; and the river winds sharply about, as if, before the massive hills had yielded to its power, it had sought in every direction for the weak points in the stony barrier.

At the Dalles, on the Upper Columbia, you see where this great river—over a mile wide 100 miles below, and which widens before it enters the ocean, 100 miles further down, to six or eight miles—foams and dashes with its chafing, riotous torrent through a gorge, compressed to but fifty-nine yards in width, and looking as if forcibly rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of Nature.

PUGET'S SOUND.

I have space only to refer very *briefly* to this charming Mediterranean of our Northwest. Environed by pine forests of dark green dotted with lovely islets, one hundred miles long, as it extends from the Straits of Fuca into the very heart of Washington Territory, but so full of inlets and straits and arms that its shore-lines measures 1,760 miles, it always interests most deeply all who sail on its usually placid waters.

MOUNT RAINIER.

Overlooking it Mount Rainier, the most magnificent of all the mountains on the Pacific, whose crest has never yet been trodden by the foot of man, lifts itself almost 16,000 feet towards the clouds; snow-clad not at its triple summit alone, but down its massive sides perpetual white, as near to its base as can be seen from the Sound, peerless in its grandeur, standing alone, dwarfing into littleness all hills within your sight, and with its white mantle worn and never disrobed since the hour of creation. It was the sublimest mountain view that ever gladdened my eyes, and was rivaled only by a twilight scene on the Columbia, when, from our steamer's darkening deck, we saw the sun's rays, bright and dazzling, on three snow-crowned mountains within the range of our vision.

THE YOSEMITE AND BIG TREES.

As stated in my article last month, the numerous comments by last year's tourists on these remarkable wonders of Nature render any description of them by me needless. And I will only add, in conclusion, that both can be visited on the round trip from Stockton, which will cost, on an average, about one hundred dollars in gold, and occupy from a week to ten days, according to the length of time the visitor remains in the Valley.

The Relation of Man to Animals.

MRS. L. M. CHILDS.

I see with regret that a proposition has been made in your legislature to prevent any interference between animals and their owners or keepers. The intention obviously is to stop the operations of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. Whether the proposition receives the sanction of the legislature or not, the mere fact that it has been made is discreditable to New-York. The man who claims a right to abuse the beasts that are in his power is spiritually akin to those who claimed a right to "wollop their niggers" without interference. I think all reflecting human beings will agree that the truest mark of civilization is kindness to the helpless. And what can be *more* helpless than animals, deprived by us of their natural resources in a state of wildness, furnished with food according to our pleasure, compelled to serve us all their days, and subject to our brutal passions, without the power of pleading for mercy or even of asking us wherein they have offended? Mr. Pierpont used to speak of them as the "dumb creatures of God," an expression which deeply stirred my sympathies. We are apt to think, because they are animals, that the tyranny of man inflicts pain on their bodies only; but who can tell how much the poor creatures suffer from mere dread of being tortured? They evidently know a kind master from a severe one. A dog accustomed to be beaten will watch his tyrant with the utmost anxiety; and, if he perceives indications of his being in a bad humor he will slink away with ears and tail drooping, and with every physical expression of abject fear.

It is a discredit to the Christian nations that they more than others, are observable for cruelty to animals. The Buddhists carry tenderness toward brutes to such an extent that they provide hospitals for diseased and crippled animals; and to abuse any dumb creature would weigh upon their consciences as a heavy sin. To be sure, their impelling motive is not of the highest and most enlightened kind. Believing in the perpetual transmigration of being, they can never feel sure that the soul of father or mother, brother or sister is not doing penance on earth in the form of a horse or a dog. But sometimes when my feelings have been harrowed by witnessing the brutality of men, I have thought it would be well if they could be restrained even by such a belief. Friend Hooper, seeing a man beating his horse mercilessly in the Bowery, went up to him, and touching his arm, said, "In some parts of the world they believe that when men die they come back to this world in the form of animals. If thee should come back as a horse, what an awful thing it would be for thee to have such a master as thou art!" The singularity of the expostulation and the friendly manner took the man by surprise. His rage was arrested, and without any answer but a half smile, he became more reasonable with the poor beast.

If ever there was imperious necessity for the intervention of human people, it is for the protection of animals. There is shocking hardness of feeling and want of principle on this subject. There has been so little teaching with regard to it that few people reflect upon it as coming within the sphere of their duties. Mere self-interest, if sufficiently enlightened, would induce men to feed their animals well, house them warmly, be patient in treated them, and careful not to task them beyond their strength; for undoubtedly well-trained animals are stronger, safer, longer-lived, and more docile and serviceable. But there is great ignorance and want of thought on the subject. Moreover, enlightened selfishness is not a sufficient safeguard; for when men are in a rage they are often forgetful of their own interests. It is an evil that loudly calls for the intervention of law, and the restraining influence of public opinion. Any man who abuses animals should be fined by magistrates, and be made to feel that he is not a desirable neighbor or a respected citizen.

Why should we imagine there is such a wide distance between us and animals, that they have no claim upon our sympathy? Have we not many needs and many instincts in common with them? Often times their proceedings startle us by indicating a near approximation to human reason; and what we call their instinct sometimes serves us better than reason could. How often have men, unconscious of danger, been warned of it by their dogs! How often have horses carried their riders through perilous places in the night-time, when their own skill would have been unavailing for the purpose! A multitude of authentic anecdotes prove intelligence and faithful affection in dogs and horses, far surpassing the manifestation of those qualities in some human beings; yet dogs and horses are the animals that suffer most at the hands of man. In all parts of the land, especially in cities, the outrages inflicted upon animals are a blot upon our Christianity and *a stain on our national character.*

Wherever I have seen men gentle, patient, and considerate toward animals I have always observed that such men were good sons, husbands and fathers. A woman had better beware how she marries a man that kicks his dog, beats his oxen, and stands talking while his horse is left unblanketed in the cold wind, or in summer-time tied fast, helplessly in the power of tormenting flies. It was a pity that St. Francis of Assissi became a monk, in conformity to the superstitious ideas of his time; for a very kindly heart was thus lost to domestic life. His habitual tenderness toward animals attracted them toward him, and gave rise to numerous miraculous legends, pictured in many of the Catholic churches. He believed that all created things had derived from God a portion of the same divine principle by which he himself existed; and, acting upon this belief, he was in the habit of calling everything brother and sister. When walking, he was careful not to tread upon any insect in his path; and he would even pick them up and remove them to places of safety, lest others should crush them. It is recorded of him that birds built their nests in his cell, and fearlessly picked up the crumbs from his table; that, when he walked in the fields, sheep and lambs flocked after him, and hares and rabbits jumped upon him and nestled in his bosom. When passing across a meadow, he saw one solitary lamb among a flock of goats. It reminded his pious soul of Jesus deserted and alone among enemies when his disciples forsook him and fled; and he was so moved by compassion that he earnestly desired to purchase the little creature and take it home with him. But, having taken the vow of poverty, he had nothing in the world but his coarse robe, tied with a hempen cord. A stranger who came along noticed his distress, and asked what troubled him. Being informed, he bought the little animal, and gave it to St. Francis, who took it to his cell, where it thenceforth slept at his feet and shared his food with the birds and their young ones. When he went to Rome, in the year 1222, the lamb went with him, and followed him everywhere like a dog. In the numerous pictures of this very popular saint his pet lamb is frequently introduced. It is recorded of him that, while on a pilgrimage with some of his companions, they passed through a wood filled with the melody of birds; and he said: "Our sisters are praising their Creator; let us sing with them." But, finding that their noisy warbling drowned the sacred service they were chanting, he said: "Be silent, sisters, till we also have praised God." And they all instantly became mute. Once when he was preaching, he could not be heard by reason of the twittering of a multitude of sparrows. He paused in his discourse, and said to them: "My sisters, you have talked enough; it is my turn now. Be quiet, therefore, and listen to the Word of God." Whereupon they hushed immediately.

He made acquaintance with a grasshopper that was chirping on a fig-tree near his cell. When he called her, she came and perched on his hand; when he told her to sing praises to her Creator, she chirped; and when he told her to cease, she became silent. On one occasion, finding himself surrounded by a great number of birds, which seemed to have come forth to welcome him, he stopped and began to preach to them, saying: "Brothers and sisters, ye are greatly bound to praise the Creator, who clothes you with feathers and gives you wings to fly with into an air purer to breath, and who careth so much for you that have so litttle care for yourselves." And the birds stood listening, with fluttering wings and open beaks, as if delighted to drink in his discourse; and not one of them attempted to fly till he had made the sign of the cross over them and pronounced his parting benediction. He was greatly moved by this behavior, and *reproached himself that he had* never before preached to the birds.

These stories of course, belong to that large class of miraculous legends which abounded in those credulous and wonder-loving days; but they were probably founded on the fact that St. Francis was attractive to animals and gained unusual influence over them. Some men do seem to have a magnetic power over certain animals. Sir Walter Scott informs us that dogs always followed him and sought to make his acquaintance, even in places where he was an entire stranger. Some are, from their childhood upward, favorites of horses. Some have remarkable power in taming and educating snakes. Not untrequently the human face bears a striking resemblance to some animal. I once met Audubon on the Battery, and without knowing who he was, I said: "How much that man looks like that bird. Gangoolly, the Hindoo, always reminded me of a snake, by the slenderness of his form, the sinuosity of his motions, and the inky blackness of his complexion. Gen Jackson resembled a horse. A lady of my acquaintance looks singularly like a cat. The monkey type of face is common; so is that of the bulldog.

These attractions and resemblances can scarcely be accidental Perhaps St. Francis uttered a greater truth than he knew when he called all creatures brothers and sisters. All things of the universe are interlinked, and doubtless act and react upon each other in many ways that science has not begun to conjecture Whatever may be the mysterious kinship between man and the inferior orders of creation, I have no doubt that, whenever his lower propensities are brought into complete subordination to his higher nature, the intelligence and affection of animals will be developed in proportion, and a thousand fold more of pleasure and of use will be derived from their companionship.

THE PRESENT AGE

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ANNIE D. CRIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, March 19, 1870.

THE GOLDEN AGES.

Come tread with us the wondrous bridge,
That links the mighty past,
To the living glowing active age,
In which your lot is cast.

Oh! how we'd love to trace for you,
The wonders of those ages,
But ah they live, and glow, and burn,
On history's truthful pages.

We will not pause to mark the course,
Of any ancient line,
To see it rise in strength and power,
Or watch its slow decline.

But in our swift and viewless flight,
Across the by-gone ages.
We'll call from out their moss-grown tombs,
The prophets and the sages.

We'll question those immortal ones,
Who have trod the holy mountains,
Who have gathered sparkling gems of thought,
And bathed in truth's pure fountains.

We'll ask them for a ray of light,
That distant ages brought them,
A glimpse of the principles of truth,
That God and nature taught them.

And when each bright and starry mind,
Hath told its wondrous story,
We'll gather up the sparkling gems,
And weave a crown of glory.—

A crown to rest upon the brow,
Of this great age of wonders;
Whose voice will reach through coming time,
Like a thousand pealing thunders.

The first who rises to our view,
Bearing a gem of beauty;
Is one who strove while here on earth,
To tread the path of duty.

He stands afar in the mighty past
Away in the by-gone ages;
Among the good, the pure, the true,
Of Hindoos noble sages.

He tells us that er'e Greece or Rome,
Were known to ancient story;
A glorious principle of light,
Shone forth in golden glory.

This truth all scholars now admit,
And reason never doubted,
Though at it little narrow minds,
Have scorned, and scoffed, and scouted.

That two opposing forces move,
Through all of God's dominion,
And act in perfect harmony,
Is now the world's opinion.

The student knows that it is true
For he sees each organ double
And chemistry admits it too
Without a word of trouble.

And this is one thing we have found,
Away in the by-gone ages;
When Brahma lived here on this earth,
Among the hindoo sages.

Another gem is rising now,
Before our startled vision,
And brightly glows as th'o twere brought,
From yonder fair elysian.

A Persian round whose lofty brow
A golden light is playing,
Is handing you this gem of truth,
While wisely he is saying:

"I found it in the ages past,
But 'twas not understood,
Take it, and learn to overcome
The evil with the good."

Oh! precious, precious gem of truth,
That burns on history's pages;
And glows like a blazing sun,
Adown the by-gone ages.

Oh! precious, precious gem of truth,
Whose beauty cannot perish;
Oh! that the children of this age,
Thy golden light would cherish.

And now a noble Chinese comes,
And calmly takes the stand,
Holding aloft a glittering gem,
In his white and shining hand.

It is, it is Confucius,
He speaks, he speaks to you,
Saying, "do you unto others
As you'd have them do to you."

Oh! glorious truth, the golden rule,
Fresh from the hands of God;
How looks beneath thy shining light
The prison, rack, and rod?

And now the noble Socrates,
Brings forth his blazing light;
Showing that all true happiness,
Consist in doing right.

Oh! thou most glorious truth,
Oh! moral power sublime
Thy light shall reach far out
Beyond the shore of time.

Now Plato brings a snow-white pearl,
From out the golden ages;
And lays it down with reverent care,
Beside the gifts of sages.

Oh Plato, Plato, noble Greek!
Upon the mountain standing,
This bright and flaming gem of thought,
To all the ages handing.

And now the ancient—Aristotle!
Draweth near with stately tread;
As though conscious all the ages,
Would give heed to what he said.

Here are many other sages,
Who have sought the realm of cause,
Who studied during earth-life,
To unravel natures laws.

Oh! they crowd and press around me,
As I tread those ages past,
Sages! Prophets! Poets! Artists!
All their treasures round me cast.

Oh! those golden, golden ages!
Say no more that they are dead,
'Tis their golden gleams of splendor,
That your weary feet have led

Far away from sign and symbols,
Far away from man-made creeds;
To the glorious realm of soul-life,
Where the mind in rapture feeds.

Oh! the ages *all* are golden,
And the ages all are blessed,
But among the countless number,
This is the brightest, *this* the best.

N. M. P.

"Ancient Divination and Modern Spiritualism."

Some friend has favored us with a copy of the *Chicago Times*, containing a sermon delivered in that city, by the Rev. I. C. White, with the heading of this article as the subject of discourse. Being anxious to know all that can be said against us, we have carefully, read the sermon as reported, and although there is little food for thought, we have thought best to make a few extracts from it, to indicate to our readers the unfairness, not to say dishonesty of the clergy in treating upon this subject. We do not rejoice, but deeply regret that any class of our fellow men should resort to such means to oppose us; we would much prefer to have them meet us candidly and fairly investigate this subject alike interesting to all.

The word "Divination" according to Webster, means "a foretelling of future events," which we accept and have yet to learn any just condemnation of it, even in the Jewish or Christian scriptures. An attempt is made by the modern Christian church to bring obloquy upon this gift of "prophecy" as it is sometimes called which receives no condemnation when it comes through the channels of the church, but all outside are denominative wizard's, (which by the way in its first acceptation means a wise man, a sage) witches etc.

The Rev. gentleman in the discourse before us makes the principal part of it to consist of a history of the visit of Saul to the "witch" (as he is pleased to call her) of Endor, and his comments thereon. Let us remark here that the Jewish scriptures apply no such term to the person referred to; she is called the "Woman of Endor," certainly not a term of disrespect, and if we are to judge from the full reading of the account, we find her to be a good, kind hearted benevolent woman, and when properly understood no medium need feel it a degradation to be ranked with her. It has been left to modern sectarian priests to apply to her the term "witch." The Rev. Mr. White commences his discourse as follows:

"Just 3,000 years ago Saul was king of Israel. He was a man of marked character. Selfishly religious, he served God with great zeal and much devotion when his own purpose could be best promoted by that course; but was just as ready to disobey and dishonor God when seeking his own interest or the interest of his kingdom."

Why does the gentleman so particularly allude to Saul as "selfishly religious." Was not his successor David, said to be a man after God's own heart, much more corrupt, wicked and selfish?

"His best friend, Samuel, had separated himself from him with sadness of heart and solemn warning, rendering his robe of state From that hour Saul's life was a long, fearful tragedy of frenzied duplicity and defiant madness.

At last the monarchy broke down under the weakness and recklessness of its head. Having by his misconduct forfeited the usual means of consulting the divine will; forsaken of God and of Samuel, God's prophet. Saul determined, with a marvelous mixture of self-will, superstition, and religion, to apply to one of the necromancers who had somehow escaped his deadly persecution of all her class. She was a woman living at Endor."

Here we find the Rev. gentleman admitting that this class had been "deadly *persecuted*." Persecution according to Webster is "to follow, to pursue in a manner to injure, especially to afflict, harrass, or punish for adherence to a particular religious practice or faith, or a mode of worship." Hence the language used, implies an injustice done to this class.

"At this juncture the Philistines assembled at Shunem and offered battle. Saul gathered all Israel at Gilboa for a final encounter with them; but when he came to look on the mighty host of his enemies his heart gave way. He sought the Lord, but there was no response. The recreant king was left to seek some other helper. In his extremity, Saul turned to the very source which he had so much feared before, and sought to know the mysterious future through divination or spirit rapping."

The allusion to spirit rapping is of course of the gentleman's own coining, an expedient he resorts to for the purpose of identifying Ancient Divination with the manifestation of to-day; to which we do not object, but his object secondarily, is to convey to his congregation the idea that this "witch" was a very bad woman, and like mediums of the present time.

"Calling a trusty servant, he said: 'Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go and inquire of her.' (Women have always been the most common and ready 'mediums.') The servant found the witch of Endor in a secluded place, where such mediums are generally found. Saul disguised himself and came with two men to the woman by night. The night was always the favorite time for ancient divination, as it is for modern Spiritualism to work their marvelous wonders with the spirits of the departed."

So also does it appear to have been a custom with the early Christians, who, are represented always as being assembled in the night-time, often in an "upper chamber," or other secluded place; and the most marked manifestation of spirit power, instance the deliverance of the apostles from prison occurred in the night time, and seems to have been a "favorite time" for spirits or angels to do their work, as on the plains of Judea, to proclaim the birth of a Jesus as it is now "to work the marvelous wonders of Spiritualism."

"Look at the king of Israel skulking along under cover of night to get some message from the spirit world through this medium. What a spectacle! And yet he has had many followers, if not many admirers.

The last sentence is a truth, and most of these "followers" of Saul, who seek out our mediums by night to gain some knowledge of the other life, are ministers who dare not go openly, but like Saul disguise themselves, or when in some strange city, go to the mediums they slander from their pulpits when at home, as in thecase before us.

"This witch was one of the most influential of her order, for she professed to command the attendance and the service of any one she pleased, of all the mean or mighty dead."

This is pure fiction, not a word or intimation even, of the kind in the record.

"Therefore Saul, when closeted with her, said: 'Divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me up (or in modern phrase, rap me out) him whom I shall name unto thee." The witch, after obtaining a promise that no harm should come to her from the revelations, rapped out the spirit of Samuel. How it was done we know not, and never shall know. It was at least done, and done quickly. Samuel stood before the king, in unmistakable personality; whether it was Samuel, or Satan, or an apparation, it was unexpected to the witch herself."

Is it not surprising that a man professing to be truthful, should stand before an audience and thus falsify the record; 1st a falsehood, that she "rapped out the spirit of Samuel; 2nd it is admitted that Samuel unmistakably stood before the king and, 3d whether Samuel or Satan or an apparition is uncertain; and lastly that it was unexpected to the witch herself. Not a word of this can be found in the record, it is all coined by the preacher, which is but a common practice with them when it suits their purpose to assail Spiritualism.

"She knew her pretended power of divination was false, and when the prophet of the Lord appeared she was filled with terror, and cried to the king for protection."

False again, and we must think it to be willfully so, for there is not a word in the record that will justify it. The woman was terrified it is true, not because of the prophet but because she learned from him that she was before Saul, her persecutor. It was protection against the King she wanted not from him. How inconsistent to say she knew her "divination was false," when here stood Samuel from the other life and Saul in this life, saying "it is Samuel and bowed before him." Then followed a conversation, and all that Samuel told him came to pass the next day. Does this prove the woman to be false and a pretender?

The Rev. gentleman draws some warnings from this narrative as follows:

"That we are in danger of encouraging in our hearts and practices that which we condemn in our more public conduct. Saul had condemned and punished witchcraft, but all the while he had no hearty detestation of a crime which Jehovah had made punishable with death. No wonder that men of less character, responsibility, and restraint should give themselves up to such delusions. The temptations to the secret practice of "ancient divination" and modern Spiritualism are fearfully great."

2. The lesson teaches that when we cannot secure from Jehovah that which we need by coming to Him in His own appointed way, it is both useless, wicked, and dangerous to seek it of departed spirits, through the intervention of wizards, mediums, and familiar spirits.

* * * * * *

Its tendencies have been demoralizing and the results fatal. As God gave Israel a king in wrath, and as He sometimes lets men have their own way in order that they may bring upon themselves swift destruction, so in the case of Saul, Jehovah sent back the spirit of the old prophet at Saul's desire, and the wizard's (?) call. But what comes of it? The utmost consternation of the one and the complete and speedy ruin of the other.

There is nothing in the history before us to warrant any such conclusions as above. Saul was not overthrown because he went to the woman, is not reproved for it, and if the record be true is a positive proof of the power of spirits to return, for if possible for one, which is here admitted, it is made possible for every child of earth. The assertion that only evil spirits can communicate is by this history negatived; for Samuel was certainly not an evil spirit.

The claim that all this is "a device of the evil one," needs no answer. The assertion made that Jehovah sent *specially* back the spirit of the old prophet, lacks proof, and is not in accord with reason or the divine revelations we have, for God's laws are universally and ever the same. We ask our readers to turn to the 28th chapter of 1st Samuel, and by reading the narrative as there recorded will be found a full proof of spirit manifestation and communion with the spirit world as believed in by Spiritualists. Witness too the kind treatment received by Saul from this good woman.

If modern manifestations had come through the church, and the power of the priest over the people been thereby strengthened, all would have been well. No new religion or great reformatory movement has come through the church. To all such it stands opposed, but it is useless, the grand work goes bravely on, and the Reverend gentleman does indeed have reason to lament as in language above: "The temptations to Modern Spiritualism are fearfully great." The religion of Spiritualism is the first, world wide, all humanity embracing religion ever proclaimed. In its grand promises we rejoice, and we labor in full confidence of triumph.

The Individuality of the Spirit.

When the calm dis-passionate lover of truth, has followed the illuminated pathway of those who have wandered away through the antedeluvian ages, and looked beyond ponderable matter to the verities it conceals; receiving an introduction to truths and principles through the material forms in which they are embodied; when he has reasoned from effect to cause, from cause to effect, and gone from chaos, to cosmos, he arrives at a position where he is compelled to acknowledge the existence of a First Cause.

In the broad realm of principle he finds the most perfect manifestation of that unseen power, whose expression the world calls God. In this calm realm of principle, he solves the mysterious problem of the origin of life, and obtains a knowledge of the law through which the soul becomes immortal. Here too he must seek an answer to the question under consideration, the continued individuality of the human spirit.

Skeptics tell us that death liberates all life and dissolves all forms. If this be true, a knowledge of the immortality of the elements, essences and attributes composing the soul loses much of its value. If the spirit is to be absorbed by the great First Cause, life would be a failure and immortality a mockery. If the great positive mind has failed to answer the highest demand of the spiritual nature, it were better to be an unconscious atom of matter on one of those enormous globes of central fire that move through the immensity of space. Individualized spirit cannot exist without form. If we admit that form is only an effect of matter, and can be destroyed by the change called death, then we should have reason to doubt our continued existence. The voice of reason and the teachings of nature will not permit us to accept of this theory. It is spring and soon the meadows will be smoothed into a perfect level and decorated with the gayest flowers; there will stand a warrior clad in crimson, there a magistrate clothed in scarlet, and there a flower that seems to have dipped its plumes in the rainbow; death comes and liberates the life of the flowers and destroys their dainty forms. The forest warbler springs from spray to spray, making the air melodious with his music, death appears and his life is gone, his form vanishes from sight. But death did not touch the principle of beauty that was expressed through the flower, nor did it destroy the principle of music which was a part of the life of the bird; neither did it touch the great formative principle dwelling in every atom. If it had, we should have no more manifestation of form. The same power that rounds the dew drop gave form to the Universe; it is a principle coeternal with matter and over it death has no control. Physiologists tell us that our physical bodies are constantly changing or dying; that in the course of an ordinary life-time, we wear out several different bodies, yet through all these changes *individuality* is not lost. We are also changing socially, intellectually and spiritually. We are constantly called upon to donate from our spiritual gifts, the giving does not impoverish us, but we thereby improve, gain strength and become more perfectly individualized.

Death has no power over principles. If it were possible to destroy all the material forms that exist upon this earth, and reduce the world to a fluid condition, form considered subjectively or as an idea would still exist, and as a law, in time, would express itself objectively. Death destroys the individuality of the bird, because it is not a representative of all principles, with man it is different; in him is embodied all of the attributes that sweep and circle through the universe of mind and matter. Hence, time, change, and death are powerless to destroy his identity, or demolish the spiritual temple, which is a concentration and consolidation of all spiritual forces.

N. M. P.

Harmonial Homes.

The letter which we publish below explains itself. The writer, A. A. Fuller, is a practical reformer, who has thought profoundly on practical questions, and labored perseveringly for the amelioration of society during the last twenty years. He is one of a large and rapidly increasing class, who desire to inaugurate the practical experiment of a Harmonial Home. It seems to us desirable, that those who are interested in this movement should open a correspondence with each other, and as early as practicable, call a meeting for the purpose of discussing and devising methods of work, and details of some proposed plan.

In this connection we will state that a movement is on foot in Northern Ohio, headed by Mr. J. L. Mansfield, formerly a successful business man, now a consecrated worker for humanity, and by R. P. Wilson, long and favorably known in the reform field. These gentlemen are undertaking the preliminaries to the organization of a Harmonial Home, which will also embrace a farm, fruit culture, manufacturing, an educational institution, etc., etc. The proposed location is on the great Lake Shore Thoroughfare in Northern Ohio (though the definite location will be left to the decision of a Board of Trustees elected by the members of the Association.) The subscription books have already been opened, and several thousand dollars subscribed. The practical work will not be undertaken until 100,000 dollars are pledged. A considerable portion of the materials are already pledged by donation for the erection of the necessary buildings. the organization is to be designated, "The first Harmonial Home of the State of Ohio." Mr. J. L. Mansfield solicits correspondence with those who are interested in this or any similar enterprise, and will give such correspondence prompt attention. His address is Seville, Medina Co., Ohio. The address of R. P. Wilson is 658, Lexington Avenue New York City. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

W.

LETTER FROM A. A. FULLER.

BROTHER W.—I am interested to know what you are doing this winter toward our proposed plan of Association. I have been devoting considerable time to the subject during the last few months, and the prospect seems favorable for the speedy realization of a Harmonial Home. I know of a number of families who are anxious to embark in this enterprise, as soon as they can change their property into available funds. I have a number of letters from south-west Missouri that speaks very favorably of its locality, climate and soil. Some friends who have written me from California. think that, the best location of all others for the establishment of such an organization, Missouri seems the most available point I can find at present.

I am often applied to for information, but my sphere of acquaintance is limited; still, I think I know twelve or fifteen families, who are ready to embark in this work. I have been solicited to draw up a form of organization, which I think I shall attempt soon. I think it would be feasible to propose as a foundation, one thousand dollars for each adult and perhaps five hundred for children. All agree in saying that our plan is an excellent one, and I think if I were traveling as you are, I could get a large settlement in a short time. I see by the AGE that you are one of its editors. Could you not call attention to this subject through that medium? I am anxious that such a corporation should be established the ensuing summer. If the times become a little easier, I think the requisite amount of capital can be raised. I will give a year's time, and four or five thousand dollars to see this permanently established. South Haven, Mich., March 1st 1870.

A. A. FULLER.

A Day in Chicago.

We last week absented ourself long enough from our sanctum to make a flying visit to Chicago, the great Metropolis of the *West*, as we have been wont to call it, but which is really becoming the great central city of America. We cannot pause here to call attention to the almost illimitable expanse of rich agricultural and mineral lands lying West toward the Pacific coast, the productions of which and the business therewith connected, must here find its great centre.

The Pacific Railroad, virtually opens up this immense region, and the energy and enterprise of Chicagoans are equal to the task of availing themselves of the advantages this will be to them. Though everything seems absorbed in business, everybody working for self, we found many genial friends with warm hearts to make us welcome, and to cause us to feel that the social, loving qualities of all have not yet been laid on the altar of the American God—money. We had the pleasure of meeting S. J. Avery, M. D., the gentlemanly and popular Conductor of the Chicago Lyceum, which we are told is in a prosperous condition, rapidly augmenting in numbers, and growing in influence. Mr. Lewis, the publisher and editor of the *Western Rural*, an agricultural paper of larger circulation, and more influence than any similar journal in the West, and the *Universe* well-known to the readers of the AGE. Mr. Robinson, the publisher and editor of a railway guide and commercial advertiser of large circulation and influence. Ira Porter, F. L. Wadsworth, M. D., gentleman connected with the AGE as our readers are aware. Mr. Porter, is just now all absorbed in the question of reform and progress, in the way of a UNITARY HOME. We should not forget John W. Free, the irrepressible Real Estate agent, of the firm of Graham Perry and Co., at room 8, Major Block, who talks real estate, till you finally believe you have always been a resident of Chicago, you feel so well posted. You will learn that Hyde Park is about six miles south of the Court House, on the lake shore, and one of the oldest of the suburban villages, that property sells all the way from $40 to 60 per front foot, and that during the summer time it is one of the favorite resorts of Chicago people. That there are many very elegant residences there, and that the garden and grounds exhibit the taste of a refined and cultivated community.

Also that the village of Jefferson situated only eight miles from the Court House, and two miles from city limits, on the Northwestern R. R. is destined to become one of the finest in the vicinity of Chicago. Trains pass Jefferson almost every hour. This point is the terminus of a number of roads, centering here from the surrounding rich and delightful country. Milwaukee Avenue, one of the finest drives leading out of Chicago, also passes through this town. The village is located upon ground far above the Lake, thereby rendering it an exception to most of the suburban towns in the vicinity of Chicago.

Ground sells here at from $4 to $10 per front foot. This is remarkably cheap, when we consider the price at which lots sell in other places not half so well located or as near the city. Churches of different denominations, if that is a recommendation, are already planted there, hotels, and most excellent schools, an artesian well has been sunk, furnishing a supply of the purest water, a county building is to be erected near, two brick yards are in full operation, turning out ten thousand brick per day, in fact everything desirable to bring comfort and enjoyment is there, which a man of limited means would desire. Splendid opportunities are offered there for a laborer, a mechanic, or a man of small means, to secure for himself a home, or those wishing to build fine suburban residences, can buy by the acre at very reasonable prices, which will eventually make them wealthy. This, Mr. Free will tell you and an infinite amount more; besides he will take you in his carriage, show you the wonders of Chicago, such as the tunnel, water-works etc., drive you out to Jefferson, and let your eyes be the witness of the facts. Whoever goes to Chicago to look after Real Estate, to make investments, or even to obtain a house to live in, should not fail to call upon him.

We shall refer to this subject again and perhaps attempt to describe more particularly what Chicago really is, as to population and wealth, and picture what it must inevitably be in the no distant future. One object we have is to say to our Lecturers, men and women, if they can save a small amount of money and invest it in real estate near this great and to be greater city, they cannot lose. Our friend to whom we have alluded, J. W. Free, is a wide awake whole souled Spiritualist, and will be glad to render any assistance to our friends. If you cannot go and see for yourself write to him. We formed several new acquaintances while in the city. To one we will refer, for we think our readers will hear from him through our columns hereafter. We have space only to announce his name A. VanderNaillen, a gentleman of literary and scientific attainments that will eminently make him a valuable contributor to the columns of the AGE.

Twenty-Second Anniversary,

(MARCH 31, 1848.)

Twenty-two years since, the first intelligible communication claiming to come from the world of spirits, was received by the calling of the alphabet in the presence of the so called Rochester Mediums. As the letters were called the electric "rap" would designate the one wanted to compose each word and sentence as communicated to those in attendance. We need not pause here to consider the great excitement produced throughout the country by the "Spirit Rappings," and the many and varied "manifestations" that have since occurred. We shall allude to this at length the last week of the present month.

We refer to this subject in this number merely to call attention to the ensuing Anniversary, and suggest an observance of it in some way by all spiritual societies.

By a letter received from Dr. Hampton of Lyons, in this state, we learn that arrangements are being made for its observance there. We had the pleasure to meet the energetic young society of Niles last Sunday, and found that they were also arranging to give more than usual attention to its commemoration. They are not only anxious to make the day one of interest to themselves, but they extend a cordial invitation to Spiritualists everywhere to come and meet with them. They desired us to announce that all visitors would be welcomed to their homes. Large numbers are expected from Dowagiac, Decatur, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Marshall and other places. From what we could learn, we think the exercises of the day and evening will be very interesting. The programme will be more fully announced in our next number, but we think is something like the following:

Lecture in the forenoon. In the afternoon speaking, conference meeting, and other exercises. In the evening the Opera Hall which has been secured for the occasion will be illuminated; a band of music will be present, and old and young will be permitted to listen to good music and enjoy a social conversation or dance, as each may prefer.

During the evening the audience will be permitted to listen to Recitations, witness Tableaux and other entertainments. These will be alternated with the dances.—Refreshments we believe are to be provided for the occasion. The recitations, tableaux and dramatic entertainments, will be under the direcion of Miss Nettie M. Pease, who is the permanent speaker for the society the next six months. The friends in Niles will be glad to see as many speakers and mediums present as can make it convenient to attend.

We are anticipating a very pleasant meeting with our friends in Niles, for we intend to be with them, and we should be glad to meet many from other places. Several members of the Kalamazoo Children's Progressive Lyceum will accompany us to take part in the recitations.

Woman's Suffrage State Association.

The public ask an explanation from the Executive Committee for its vacillating course, in first calling a meeting of above Association, and then countermanding the call, but not in time to prevent persons from distant parts of the state from attending. We received the call from the chairman of committee, and made haste to publish at the earliest opportunity, as the time was very brief, but we circulate in every county of the state, thus the notice of meeting was wide spread. In Kalamazoo notice of the change was not received until the day before the time appointed for the meeting, of course in remote localities the change could not be made known. Such management must result unfavorably to any organization.

Woman Suffrage Meeting.

The Woman Suffrage Association of Kalamazoo, continue to meet semi-monthly. Last Monday evening we had the pleasure of listening to an address delivered by Mrs. Stone, with which the audience were so well pleased, that by a unanimous vote she was requested to repeat the same before the Association, Friday evening 18th inst. We hope to see the Tabernacle Hall filled on that evening, to listen to this truly forcible and practical address.

Forward! the day is breaking;
Earth shall be dark no more;
Millions of men are waking
On every sea and shore;
With trumpets and with banners,
The world is marching on;
The air rings with hosannas,
The field is fought and won.

Mediums Convention in Western N. Y.

In accordance with the call, the mediums, and speakers convention was held in Batavia the 19th, and 20th, of Feb. the largest gathering of the kind perhaps, yet held.

It is the desire and aim, to have these meetings as free as possible from all Conventionalities, assuming the form of a conference; thereby exhibiting a spontaneity of expression of sentiments, and experiences, rarely met with, in any other meetings; giving each, and all an opportunity to speak as the spirit giveth utterance, without being confined to any subject in particular for discussion—the utmost harmony always prevailing. A baptismal influence seems to rest upon all who attend them.

The Spiritualists of Batavia have engaged Central Hall for the ensuing year, in which the convention met; but being filled the first day to overflowing, a larger Hall was procured for Sunday, which was also well filled, notwithstanding the severity of the weather.

Seven counties were represented—many mediums and speakers were in attendance, among them Dean Clark, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Maynard, and our untiring and zealous co-worker J. W. Seaver, and others.

Dr. Sprague gave many tests, giving names to persons in the audience, all of which were recognized.

Inspirational music upon the Piano was occasionally rendered by Mrs. Throop of Batavia, Miss Waldo of Alexander, and Miss Nettie Tompkins of Byron Center, a young unpretending girl of thirteen years of age.

About three years ago whilst sitting in a circle with her parents her hands were controlled to play as if on an instrument. Her parents not having one (being in limited circumstances) they were requested by the controlling influence, to take her where there was a piano, and they would give them beautiful music, which being complied with, they were astonished at the result, as she does not know one note from another.

A subscription is being circulated by Mrs. Tuttle, who has taken it in charge, towards purchasing a piano, that she may have greater advantages for being controlled to play. A collection was taken up in the convention for that purpose, and a request was made to the readers of the AGE, and others, if any were disposed to contribute to that end, to direct to *Mrs. Lucina M. Tuttle, Byron Center, Gen. Co. N. Y.*

On the first day, a letter was read from G. W. Taylor, giving information of the transition of our sister Mrs. Scott, mother of Mrs. Tappan, whereupon the President, P. I. Clum, paid a just and merited tribute to her worth, and others who had passed on before—Mrs. Slade, Mrs. Mary M. Wood, and some of the earliest pioneers of Rochester, Lewis Burtis and Justin Gates, whose early perseverence and fidelity to this cause through trials, persecutions, and reproach, had done much to win laurels, and comparative ease, for the more recent converts to our faith.

Many of the above named ascended brothers and sisters, were seen many times by different media during the convention, as taking part and a deep interest therein.

Considerable missionary labor has been performed the last quarter by brother Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff—but the cause drags heavily, from the great apathy and indifference, in not rendering that aid and support which should be given towards promoting a work so much needed in the Empire State!—none save the few in the western part of the state seem alive in this important work, and even then, it is not sustained as it should be.

But the medium's meetings are a success, and the prayer of hundreds attending them is, that they may live and continue to bless, inspire and baptize all into a more united brother and sisterhood in the glorious cause for which we labor.

SARAH A. BURTIS, Sec.

Rochester, March, 1870.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTM'T

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th, St. East. Washington, D. C.

"ENFOLDED IN THE HUMAN INFANT IS THE 'IMAGE' OF AN IMPERISHABLE AND PERFECT BEING."

THE CHILDREN.

Heaven bless the children!
Beautiful and fair,
Needing all a mother's love,
All a father's care.

Restless little pilgrims
On the road of life,
Eager for the journey hence,
Earnest for the strife.

Glad to push their vessel
From the parent shore—
Once on life's broad billowy sea
'Twill return no more.

Ever asking questions
That confound the wise;
Pearing into mysteries
With their truthful eyes.

Setting us examples
Ever, day by day,
Teaching us the way of life
In their simple way.

Heaven bless the children!
As they once were blessed,
When the gentle Lord of love
Little ones caressed.

Lead them safely over
Life's tempestuous sea;
Keep them from the evil hour'
Teach them to be *free!*

Free from all excesses;
Free from moral stain—
From the glutton's heavy bonds,
From the drunkard's chain!

Free from sin's allurements,
Be they what they may—
Walking up the narrow path
Towards the gates of day.

DEAR CHILDREN.—As you and I are going to meet each other very often in the children's department, suppose we have a little chat together. Let me tell you something to begin with, sometime ago a number of the PRESENT AGE was sent to me, I looked it over and presently found the Children's Department, edited by Mrs. Watson. That paper is worth something; I saw it recognized the children. How delightful it must be for them to have such a little corner? but a department in the paper just like their fathers and mothers and grown up friends, and as I love children every where, and nothing pleases me so much as to romp, play and talk with children, and as at such times all memory of being a woman is forgotten, and I feel a child again, and of course I feel as glad to see the Children's Department in the AGE as I would were I little a girl sitting in the chimney corner again.

Well, here we are; this is our department, and you are going to let me tell you stories, or anything else; and we are not going to be stiff or formal, but we are going to have good times generally. You will talk, of course, and tell stories, ask questions, or give us your thoughts on matters and things. We are not going to act as they do in school, where the teacher sits prim and stiff in a high chair on the platform, while the children take their seats on tip-toe, and are not allowed to speak, or, if they do, receive a "BLACK MARK" or a rap with the ruler over their fingers! No such thing! neither are we going to be like the preacher, who from his high pulpit does all the talking, while the congregation sit solemn and silent below. No, O no! but we are all going to talk when we have any thing to say worth saying, are we not? Though of course we will be in earnest about earnest things: but we intend, do we not, that this department shall ring with our talk, our fun and our laughter.

It is just as necessary that children should learn to talk, and to talk well, as it is that they should learn to read or write well; and some day not far away, *Language*, or the power to tell just what we think, or say just what we desire to say, will be taught in our schools. I know that some people think that because children do not want to go to school, therefore they do not want to learn, but they are greatly mistaken. When we are allowed to ask questions about what you wish to learn, and talk as freely in school as you would with me to-day, then I know you, and all children, will want to go to school.

Grown-up people generally, are not nearly as anxious to learn as children. I know you could tell me a thousand things you want to know about.

Very well, I think we understand each other. You are not going to sit still and listen while I do all the talking, but you are going to ask as many questions as you like, and you are going to write down your questions, or anything you wish to say on a sheet of writing paper, then put it in an envelop and direct to me, then as soon as convenient you will receive the answers through your own department.

Look at the heading, it *does not say* Dorus M. Fox's Department, or Annie Denton Cridge's Department, but it does say the Children's Department, and you see it is your Department and not ours, and of course you will write for it, and help us to make it good and pleasant, and at the same time you are going to allow me to ask you some questions, and when you write you are going to answer them, are you not?

Willie and Jessie.

CHAP. VI.

"My papa says if we had a Railroad to the moon, Jessie and I could go there on an express train in about eleven months. Don't you think that a long time?"

This was said by Willie to Professor Greenleaf after their talk about dog Carlo and the tricks of Miss Grey-puss and Miss Black-puss.

"Oh!" said Professor Greenleaf, "I thought you would want to talk with me about the moon; you are the boy! Yes, your papa is right; and I can easily fancy I see you and Jessie flying away in the cars to the moon."

"Ha, ha?" laughed Willie and Jessie; and what long nights and long days there are in the moon!" said Willie; "just think, Professor Greenleaf! two weeks night and two weeks day!"

"A long night, Willie, and a long day. I don't think we would like that arrangement, said Professor Greenleaf.

"No, indeed," replied Willie; "we like

our own nights and days far better."

"Suppose you and Jessie were landed on the moon; you would think the sky very sad indeed, for there are no beautiful clouds in the sky; no rosy clouds in the evening; no beautiful white fleecy clouds, such as we have so often in our sky; but always, day and night, you would see the stars in the sky."

"Why," said Willie, "I am astonished! See the stars in the day-time?"

"Yes, and you would see our earth—this world—looking twelve times as large as the moon does to us; you would see it slowly turning round and round."

"Oh," said Willie, "I would like to see that."

"So would I," said Professor Greenleaf; "and then the beautiful clouds around our earth; you would see also our high mountains, our seas and oceans, our deserts and snowy plains."

"How pretty!" said Willie; "oh, I do hope there are people in the moon! how grand that would look to them. I do wish we could find out some way of going to the moon."

"That can not be done," said Professor Greenleaf, laughing. "but we can know very much about the moon and other worlds by means of Astronomy."

"I am going to study Astronomy" said Willie.

"And I will, too," said Jessie.

"So you shall, Jessie," said Professor Greenleaf, patting her on the head. "Come up to the Observatory and I will show you a great many worlds; I will let you look through the telescope, and you shall see a world with four moons. and another world with eight moons."

"Four moons! and eight moons!" said Willie, "oh, how pretty!"

"More moons than my fingers?" said Jessie, holding up one hand.

"I'm glad you have an Observatory and a large telescope," said Willie; "are they your very own?"

"No, my boy; they belong to Uncle Sam; but you and Jessie can have a peep through the telescope whenever you like."

"Now," said Professor Greenleaf, putting his hand in his vest pocket, "what would you buy if you had one dollar?"

"I would buy a doll," said Jessie, smiling.

"I would buy a goat," said Willie; "I have been saving money for long time to buy a goat."

"And how much will a goat cost, my boy?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"And how much have you?"

"I have two dollars."

"Very good; then, Jessie, here is a dollar for you to buy a doll; and here is a dollar to help buy a goat. Have you a goat-house?"

"We are going to build one," said Willie, "with some boards: and then I am going to buy some straw to make a bed for the goat, to keep him warm when the snow comes."

"Very good, very good! when will you have all ready, and when will you buy the goat?"

"The goat is ready. I have been looking round for a long time, and last week I saw a female goat, and I thought she must have baby goats: so I followed her home: it was a long, long way, and there she had two little ones, a brownish one, and another—a sort of brown and white, and that I am going to have for my goat. I saw the lady that owns them, and I said, 'Will you sell one of these little goats?' and she said 'yes,' but when I asked her how much money she would take for one, she said I must see her husband when he came home in the evening. So I went in the evening with fifty cents. I saw the lady's husband, and he said the price was two dollars and fifty cents, but they were very little ones, they were not done nursing; so I paid the fifty cents: then, you see, Professor Greenleaf, he can not sell it, and I am going to bring it home: I can have it very soon."

"Very well," said Professor Greenleaf: "get your goat-house built, buy your straw, make its bed snug and warm, then bring the goat home. I want to see it."

"So do I want to see the goat," said Jessie. "Willie is going to have it draw his wagon, and then he is going to let me ride."

"A goat carriage! Well done! And you Willie, are going to let Jessie ride, that is right: take care of your sister, take care of the little girls."

"So I will," said Willie, "for, you know, I believe in girls' rights, do I not?"

"Yes, you do, my boy: and I wish every boy who has a sister took care that she had her rights."

"Now, children," said their father, who at that moment came into the parlor, "suppose you go to the sitting-room and play awhile."

"Yes," said Professor Greenleaf, "you will go now, for I want to talk awhile with your father and mother."

So away went Willie and Jessie, saying, "Thank you! thank you, Professor Greenleaf, for the dollars."

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY ALFRED SULLY.

I have a little boy at home,
A little soul from heaven come
On this green earth a while to roam—
My little boy.

His little arms my neck embrace,
He turns to me his tiny face,
And kisses me with angel grace—
My little boy.

I know not what his life may be—
Of joy, or peace, or misery;
But all the world he is to—
My little boy.

I watch him crooning on my arm,
And sigh for power or magic charm
To shield his life from ill and harm—
My little boy.

My very manhood, rough and bold,
Is shadowed with grace untold
Within this tender, fragile mould—
My little boy.

My soul speaks out a nobler song,
I see more clear the right from wrong,
As on his grace I ponder long—
This little boy.

So like the awe, the nameless dread,
We feel in presence of the dead,
(The soul to Heaven so lately fled)—
Oh, little boy!

Doth seem the mystery that lies
Beneath the depths of thy blue eyes—
Thy soul so fresh from Paradise!
My little boy.

Questions.

Do you believe in a Mr. Devil, with horns hoofs and a beautiful tail?

Should we do right, because we love right, or because we are afraid of going to a place called Hell?

When the body of your father, mother, sister or brother is laid in the grave, does the spirit yet live?

Will the children answer? Make your answer very brief.—[Ed.]

NEW YORK DEPARTM'T.

FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.,
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Does one Truth Oppose Another.

NO. II.

The assertion is often made that modern Spiritualism takes away many safety props to the soul and leaves nothing for it to lean upon. If we admit the fact of spiritualism (and if we deny them, we deny all the testimony of the past and present) we cannot by it deny what is true, because its truth cannot take away any other truth, but must substantiate all truths. The remark is often made, "Oh I could accept all the facts and theories of spirit communion but it takes away this or that belief, it takes away my saviour, my creed, my church. Now it is not possible for it to take away one truth, or one support, or one necessity of the soul or spirit. If it comes to man as truth, it cannot deny any other truth; but it doubtless will deny the convenient subterfuges called truth; it doubtless will make the soul feel the necessity of truth purity and righteousness; it doubtless will make it disregard the shams of things because all truths tends to do this.

The reason that naturalists and men of science possess so large a theology that they are often termed infidels, is because even the simplest truth of science tends to drive away error and open the mind to fuller and freer life in realities and truths.

Then what is man contending against when he contends against doctrines? Merely against what does not exist. All that has any real existence is truth itself, and all truth is founded on fact. How false then is the notion that any man or set of men can break down or injure truth. Let us suppose for a moment that we are accepting an error. Let us deny the spiritual facts of to-day and with them let us deny the spiritual facts of the Bible, and history with its spiritual proofs, and the veracity of good great and noble men, let us say all are false, and what else do we deny, why we deny not only the external records of man, but we deny man himself, and God and the future. We deny thought even for thought is a result of the spirit, we deny all but external nature, and make ourselves but animals subject to the laws of the natural world; for so distinctly and beautifully does one truth hang upon another, that we in denying one sweep away all the securities of life and of existence.

Let us now see what security we have in the future progress of true ideas. If this beautiful law of spirit life, this beautiful law of love and harmony has been forever a truth, why has it till now not made any advance or progress, and why has it not as a truth outstripped all errors. It would be quite as wise to ask why Gallileo's truth waited Gallileo. Or why Agazis was the first to classify by embryologic development the orders of nature. It would be just as reasonable to ask why if steam had always risen from the heated water it waited a Watts or a Fulton to prove its power; or why if electricity existed as a positive and negative element it waited for Franklin to test it. But let us be unwise or unreasonable enough to answer why.

All truths are eternal, all laws are eternal. No law that ever operated ever began, for it ever was. There was a time when the earth contained no vestige of animal life, but the law of that life was then existant and the moment the earth was in a condition to exhibit the workings of the law it showed itself in beautiful order and perfection. There was a time when man did not exist, but the moment the earth reached the condition when that life was possible, then man existed as a spiritual being. With that existence came the various stages of growth, and we are now beginning to feebly comprehend what has been necessary to develop that nature even to its present condition. There have been times on the earth when man through moral purity and the out workings and off goings of his coarser life has shown his higher and spiritual life, with beauty and power, but those times have been short and the gleamings of truth have only served to show what truth would be when the condition of man should make a full and clean revelation of it possible. Then all the civil and beautiful representations of truth shown by some minds have been but the natural product of man's nature.

Jesus who is looked upon as the highest possible revelation of man's perfection by the religious world said the same himself, for he bade his disciples to come into his condition, or become like him. And as far as we can learn every great and good man has asserted the same and declared that others might attain unto his condition.

Now if these bright gleams, these representative men show us the natural life of man we must begin to see why the world has been shut from a knowledge of their truth and life; it has been because they made the natural and perfect unnatural to them, an exceptional condition, simply because it was beyond their present condition. The errors of the church concerning Jesus, are not because he is deemed perfect but because it is believed that no one else can by any possibility become thus perfect.

Mr. Thornton's Diary.

Nov. 2.—"I am the resurrection and the life." I have pondered those words many a time as I stood over the open grave of earth's loved ones. I thought I understood their import. I believed that Jesus seeing in himself a diviner expression of infinite love, and feeling his nearness to the spiritual life declared himself the expounder of the christian idea of life beyond the grave. But now I see a deeper meaning in the words. This dark November day as I stood over the little rough mound I uttered them thus. "Thou art my resurrection and life my Dora, my baby." And yet I hardly knew what I was saying, and in the chill wind I came back and sat down by Helen and we looked out over the dry grass, and leafless trees with only one thought in our minds, yet with silence on our lips. There are thoughts that cannot be uttered though they are entertained at the same moment by two persons, speech intensifies feeling, it concentrates thought, and makes it more certain and powerful. Thus Helen and I thought and did not weep as we looked out to the drifting clouds. At last I said.

"Helen is our baby a revelation of the future as she lies there under the rough pebbles. Perhaps I shall believe she is, when the violets bloom, but now, now! Can she be the resurrection and the life *now*?"

"You have spoken the words that have been in my thought," said Helen. "She is as truly the resurrection and the life to you and I as Jesus was to his disciples. It is only love that can reveal the future, because love forms the spiritual light where by spiritual things are revealed. We can form theories about Heaven but the reality only comes to us when one we have loved is there. Dora lives again for I have seen her."

"What!" said I "seen Dora," "Listen" said Helen. "You remember the chapters in John which tell of the re-appearance of Jesus. First Mary saw him. It was his spirit, for he said 'touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father;' then on the same day Jesus appeared again in his spiritual body, for the doors were shut; and he showed his hands and sides that they might believe it was he, then in eight days more he came again, the doors being shut and spoke, and bid Thomas touch him. And afterwards at the sea of Tiberias he came with so perfect a semblance of his natural body that he took bread and fish and gave to his disciples. No wonder he called himself the resurrection and the life when he knew this power of spiritual presence, and felt its blessing in himself. But he could not be all this to us, for, though we love him as an ideal, we do not give our hearts truest life to him, for we find that there are nearer and closer ties. That which comes from our very life is related to us as God is, and when that is taken from us, or separated from us, then we feel the yearning of the heart that expressed a need. Every need of the soul is a testimony that the supply exists. I need the love of my child because my mother heart can never be satisfied, having felt that divine satisfaction without an inflowing life, and an out-going devotion. God would be worse than cruel, there could be no God, if he awakened this supreme delight for a day. No all is eternal that the soul needs.

And besides as I told you, I have seen her. This morning as I was sitting in the bright sunshine, my outer senses seemed to grow silent, hushed as it were in a rest like the absence of all thought, and I felt lifted up. I seemed to be away from myself and yet be here, and then I stood in the spiritual realm. I cannot describe its light and beauty, its serenity of light and beauty. I stood in a room, in a real habitation. Its walls seemed translucent, and through them came a soft roseate light as of the morning. On a couch like the white fleecy clouds lay my baby would I not know her in all the universe? She was asleep and her breath came so sweetly that I bent to catch it, that I might be sure it was not the cold calmness that I had shuddered at so short a time before. And then the little form moved just as a baby's will when its senses begin to awaken, and I saw a form bend over it expressing the tenderest love. And then I saw no more for my heart beat fast with longing, but that one glimpse was a revelation to me that will have its effect forever. I know that an Infinite love keeps us securely. That my Dora is encircled by the same. And if she is there is she not mine by the love I give her. My love can reach through infinite space to its object just as readily as I went myself. Oh is not the law of love all powerful and if we lie within are we not forever secure?" I could not speak, but held Helens hand and pressed it tenderly. It was well that Aunt Ruth came in soon to bring us back to our duties. She told in the most cheerful manner possible of her little plans and hopes, and how her capacities had been enlarged and her courage strengthened by herself sustained position. And I felt she could not sympathies with us. Her experiences were not like ours. We had opened a vein that she did not know.

George Sand to-day.

All that we can learn of of this large headed, large brained woman must interest the present time when the effort is being made to convince the world that women are wholly incapable of competing with men, because they are trying to gain a position equal to the most ignorant foreigner or negro.

A French author has written some charming things of her, which have been translated by the correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*,

"George Sand, of all the women who have held the pen either in the past or in our own time, is incontestably the least of a pedant, the least proud of her position, the most simple. There is nothing in the tranquil kindliness of her greeting, in the silent politeness with which she listens to your criticisms, that suggests the woman eager to shine, jealous of her position, desiring to overtop men, to be reckoned a bluestocking, if I may use that somewhat vulgar but expressive word. George Sand, who has been considered without any cause as a leader in the Woman's Rights movement, is, as little as possible, fitted to shine in that direction. She has always been a woman in the most feminine acceptation of that word, and she has always been a good woman. The little disguises she was fond of assuming in her youth were the escapades of 20 years ago. To-day, when I see this smiling little grandmother, with her superb eyes, her face so gentle in its dignity, her Bourbon lip, weaving her romance as she sits by the cradle of her grand-children, I am touched with emotion. I forget that I am in the presence of the greatest of contemporary writers of fiction, and clasp the hand of this charming, good old woman, who sparkles with all her early youth. Do not reproach me with this word 'old' which slips from my pen; she has not yet touched the snow of age, but I cannot forget, if I would, that she was born in 1804. * * * Like Rousseau, and more than Rousseau, George Sand loves flowers, the whole vegetable world, the beauty of nature. I have heard that when her literary life was first begun, that life which revenged her for the home she had lost, she was charming to see, in her costume of student or page, her black hair rolling down her shoulders, climbing the Swiss hills, with her herbarium upon her shoulders, while a mule carried on its back two little cradles. It was the young Consuelo, bathed in the harmonies of heaven and earth, and breathing the full breath of life. * * * * She writes me in answer to my questions: I have nothing to tell you about myself that is very interesting. I am growing old, very calm and very happy in the midst of my family, with the experiences that I share with the rest, deaths and the falling-off of friends, and, then, the general condition of public affairs where we all suffer, you and I alike, the same things. * * * * I have lost two grand-children whom I dearly loved, the daughter of my daughter, and the son of Maurice. I have still left me two charming little ones, the fruit of his happy marriage. His wife is almost as dear to me as he. I have given up to him and her the entire control of my house and of everything. I pass my time in playing with the little ones, in botanizing in a small way in the Summer, in taking long walks (for I am still famous in that way) and in writing novels when I can find two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening. I write easily and with pleasure—it is my recreation—but my correspondence is enormous, and it is such a labor! You know all about that. If one had only to write to one's friends! But what things people do ask of me, sometimes touching and sometimes impertinent. Whenever I am able to do anything for one who asks it, I reply. When I can do nothing, I say nothing. Sometimes, the thing asked for is worth trying for, even when there is small hope of succeeding. Then I am obliged to write and say that I will try. All this, with personal matters which one cannot always escape, makes a dozen letters a day. It is a bore, but who is not bored with something? I hope after my death to go to a planet where they do not know how to read or write. It ought to be a fine planet, that, to have no need of these accomplishments. Meanwhile, I wish that here, at least, it were a little different in that respect from what it is. * * * If you wish to know the state of my fortune, it is easily told. My accounts are not at all entangled. I have earned a round million by my labor and I have not laid up a cent. I have given everything away. As for my resources, you may truly say that I have always lived each day on what the day has brought me, and I look upon this way of arranging one's life as far the happiest. You have then no material cares, and you are not afraid of thieves. Every year, now that my children take care of the house, I have time to make little excursions in France, for the by-ways of France are little known, and they are as beautiful as those which people go a great way to seek. In this way I find pretty frames for my stories. I like to discribe what I have seen. This saves labor and study. If I had only three words to say about a place, I should like to have it clear in my memory and to make my description as accurate as possible. * * * See her there in her house which she calls Nohant, where she was born, where she will die, which she has never left, where all her memories are clustered, where the pleasures of her own childhood and those of her children and grand-children have had their sweet rest; where all who find themselves gathered amuse themselves during certain hours with the same occupations and sports, and where, when they separate for the night, she installs herself in her chamber before her table and begins to write in her handsome, large, round hand, with blue ink on white paper. She has said it herself, she loves to write. It is the luxury of the writer's trade. Unhappy he who never knew this pleasure to spin the words along smooth paper with flowing ink and a good quill pen? George Sand loves to write as the Germans love to knit. She writes straight on, erasing little, not seeking for words, under the dictation of some dream she had during the day, of some sentiment which has moved her heart, of some event which has struck her. From time to time she stops to smoke a cigarette, and read over to herself what she has written that pleases her, then, her task finished, she rests to begin again next day." I ought to add that this slight sketch by Ferragus is really "illustrated" by an excellent portrait of George Sand, engraved on wood. M. Christern will no doubt be ready to furnish it to her thousand and one American friends—friends of her youth as well as of her ripe and beautiful age.

The Ecumenical Council.

From the reports we receive from Italy, it seems that the great Council receives there little attention. The whole of America and Europe was agitated with the prospect of the importance of the call of the Pope. Italy was but little stirred by it. The liberal party there have preserved a calm and dignified position and left unanswered the vituperation of the papal press. One of the most powerful of the Italian writers is Thomas Mora. His life is pure and useful, and cannot be attacked so as to lessen his influence. His latest book advocates the independence of Church and State. It insists upon popes resigning their temporal power. It claims the right of the State to govern itself without interference from the church. It boldly asserts faith in the progress of humanity, freedom of opinion, liberty and independence of science. Such a work can but have its influence, and the fact that the writer is not disturbed in his priestly office, shows that the liberal party have great power. It is interesting to watch the influence of this great band of assembled bishops and this smaller party of bold liberalists. It is the premonitory sign of the earthquake that is to shake the foundation of public power in the old countries. It cannot be long that young men of education, and from wealthy families are seized by the police and never more heard of, because of an expressed disapprobation of the assumed power of the pope, and sympathy with Garabaldi. We hear that five hundred of these young men from noble families have thus disappeared, and no efforts of their friends can gain their release, or any word of their condition. Such despotism has the gnawing worm at its root, and its must die, but alas for the martyrs who have to wait in prisons, and in death for the time of freedom.

For the Present Age.

No. 536 Washington Avenue,
Chicago, March 3.

The main object of my desire and effort is to do something in the brief period which is left me of human life, to devise and put in practice that mode of life which will secure to each member of society the fullest gratification of all normal and innocent desires, without impairing the power, or using the means of any other human being necessary to his enjoying the same gratification.

I have carefully studied to find out what that mode of life must be, and have reached the conclusion that it demands that each member of society should be a producer—should earn all that he or she consumes. I have also reached the conviction, that a rigid inexorable economy in the use of labor products is demanded of all, rich and poor, in order that none may be tempted to excessive labor; that our present modes of living in isolated houses is not economical; that they demand a great amount of useless labor, which we cannot wisely impose upon ourselves nor justly appropriate when performed by others; that when all the members of society shall produce each his or her share of what supplies our needful wants, when all shall labor intelligently and live economically, then the labor necessary to supply all of our rational desires will become so light that we shall all know that it is a blessing to us and not a curse.

Then all will have ample time, and the best bodily and mental conditions for intellectual, moral and social culture.

Large families can live at less cost per head than small ones; at the same time they are better conditioned than small ones for intellectual and social culture. I therefore want to be a member of a large, amiable intellectual and aspiring family of workers and thinkers—of men and women who believe that God's Kingdom may come upon the earth; who are desirous to make part and parcel of it, and who will seek to learn and obey those rules of life and action necessary to its existence. I have no faith in common property or Fourier societies. They encourage the weak to lean upon the strong and thus perpetuate their weakness. I believe in individual ownership. I think the law divine that *what a man or woman produces he or she shall enjoy*. Justice decrees what is mine and what is thine. That which those hard earned is *thine* not *mine*; that which I have earned is *mine* not thine.

To attain social harmony we must learn to love this law of mine and thine, and to obey it. I want personal freedom. I do not want any persons to have especial claims upon my effort or exertion for their shelter, food or raiment. I want the claims of society upon me limited and known. I want others to hold the same relationship to *me* that I hold to *them*. I want to be comfortably sheltered, properly fed, decently clothed, in the midst of good society, where I can have fresh air, useful exercise, books, statuary, music, social converse—all these and more than I can enumerate, and have them *cost so little money that any other man or woman who works with his or her hands can have them all and plenty of leisure for enjoyment and improvement*. It is not difficult to attain this result when sincere, intelligent and upright men and women, shall seek for a better way and resolve to make such modifications of habits and character as are needful to secure it.

Fraternally,
IRA PORTER.

For the Present Age.

The Ideal and the Real.

An abstract of a lecture delivered before the Marshall Lecture Association, by A. B. Whiting, Feb. 25th. 1870.

Webster defines the Ideal to be a conception of the mind proposed for imitation, realization or attainment, while the Real is that which actually exists.

It is the nature of man to aspire, to hope and strive for something better in the future for himself, and for those who come after him. He forms an ideal of that good which he desires, and labors earnestly to attain it. All improvements and inventions first exist in the human mind, in the mind of an idealist. The speaker referred at length to the ideal in art and mechanism, and drew a graphic picture of the idealist Galileo as he bowed before the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, and tendered him the wonderful telescope he had invented, asking not honors but mercy, and was hurried away to a dungeon; while the Pope declared by virtue of his infallibility that the world was *immovable*.

The railway and the steam-engine are very real to us, but a few years ago they had no existence, save as an ideal in the mind of man, and when Stevenson first proposed to build a steam carriage to run on rails, and claimed that he could attain a speed of twenty miles an hour his friends said, Don't! nobody will believe it *possible*; just say *nine* or *ten* miles an hour, and we will try and help you, but when the engine was built, it *did* run twenty miles an hour to their great astonishment, and now it seems very strange to us that its success should have been doubted.

Franklin was an Idealist, and his theories laughed at by the intensely practical men of his day, until he drew the lightning from the clouds to testify for him. After him came another idealist, Morse. His mind had conceived the possibility of making electricity the servant of man for the conveyance of thought. He asked Congress for aid to enable him to demonstrate his theory, but was met with sneers and jibes by the wiseacres of only twenty years ago, and an honorable member; thinking to kill the wild scheme at once and forever by turning it into ridicule, proposed that one third of the same appropriated be given to Father Miller to aid in demonstrating his theory of the end of the world, and another third to the investigation of the claims of the Book of Mormon. The name of this sapient legislator is preserved only in the *Congressional Globe*, of that date while that of Morse is known and honored wherever the *click* of the telegraph is heard.

All men are in some sense idealist. We divide them into three classes which we call the retrospective, the taciturn, and the progressive. The Retrospective Idealist looks continually to the past, and is always mourning for the *good old days* that will never return, and lamenting the degeneracy of the present. He looks at the past through a rose-colored lens and sees only its beauties while its evils are forgotten. This class of idealists has always existed. Macauley tells us that the ancient saxons were wont to mourn the good old days of their father; and Ossian sings of the heroes and bards of former times, and laments the decline of valor and of song. The province of this class of idealists is to preserve the records of the past which might otherwise be lost. The taciturn Idealist sees only the present, and if he said anything, it would be like this: "Life is, has been, and will be always the same. There is really neither advancement nor retrogression—that which seems so is only the ebbing and flowing of waves, which exactly balance each other, and so the equilibrium is maintained. On the other hand the Progressive Idealist says: Life indeed is a sea, it has its ebb tides and its flood tides; but every flood tide raises us a little higher than the preceeding, while the ebb sinks *not quite so low*, and so goes on the grand march of ideas realized in the progress of civilization. The speaker here sketched, in brief, the progress of civilization from its birthplace in the far East until now, having swept over this continent, it is breaking down the barriers with which the inhabitants of the celestial empire were wont to exclude all outside barbarians. Having paid in passing an eloquent tribute to the great idealists who were the founders of our government, Mr. Whiting then proceeded to speak of the wild fancies of fanatics, or idealists run mad, classing among these, those men who expected to reform the world in a day by the adoption of *their* pet hobby or belief, those who thought they could invent perpetual motion, and the man who said he could lift himself in a basket, and excused his failure by the remark that he *had* done it a great many times, but was not as strong as he used to be.

An idealist becomes a fanatic when he proposes to contravene natural law—known and capable of mathematical demonstration, but outside the domain of pure mathematics it is not wise to pronounce the word impossible; for that which seems to us so to-day may in the light of to-morrow seem the most natural of events. When Stevenson told the British Parliament that a steam-engine could be made to travel twenty miles an hour, the wiseacres of his day, all the world said: "It is impossible." When Morse proposed the telegraph, an enlightened American people said: "It is impossible." and even when it was first proposed to build a railroad from Boston to Albany, a member of the Massachusetts legislature, in a speech opposing the bill, said: "If it *could* be done it would never pay expenses, *but* it is a *natural impossibility*."

Nevertheless railroads and telegraphs span the world with their network of power and intelligence, and in the light of history it be-hooves us to be careful how we pronounce anything impossible, but when a new theory presents itself, we should investigate its claims, and give it a chance to demonstrate its truth. In conclusion, the speaker urged the necessity of a noble ideal, as an incentive to the acquirement of knowledge and the practice of virtue. "We should not," said he, "become mere imitators or try to make all think alike, to cast all minds in the same mould, as had been the dream of some; this is as absurd as the idea of Procrustes' making all men fit his iron bedstead. It is *not* exact similitude but unity in diversity, which is the plan of nature. As the diverse portions of country, so widely different in soil, climate production, go to make up our great composite nationality, and as we do not strive to make all similar and yield similar products, but rather develop the resources peculiar to each, so should we strive, not to move all minds in the same channel, but to each develop his own individuality by the culture of all that is noblest and best in himself. So shall each fill his own place, and so in the great nationality of mind, shall be preserved that unity in diversity which is the gauge of harmony and progress."

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PHILOSOPHICAL DEP'T.

J. S. LOVELAND, - - Editor.

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MOONLIGHT—AND A FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread,
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whew icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace:—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey.
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of Heaven?—that dark red smoke
Bloating the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And, o'er the conqueror and the conquered, draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All its deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away.
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors, far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

RECONCILIATION.

THE NEW BIRTH.

Perhaps no dogma of religion has been more offensive to Rationalism than that which affirms the absolute necessity of "being born again," in order to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. With a rude and defiant mien, it has denied the possibility, and also the necessity, while, with an unconcealed sneer, it has heaped unmeasured sarcasm upon the whole subject; or, if some lingering respect for the sayings of Jesus has remained, the whole doctrine has been rendered meaningless by rationalizing glosses and interpretations. But what are *we* to understand by the new birth? The majority of Christendom affirm that it means a re-creation and the purification of the human soul from the terrible guilt, and vile pollution of sin. But what analogy is there between birth and cleansing? Obviously none whatever. And here, as in multitudes of other instances, the original sayings of the spiritual seers of the past have been perverted. In reply to the rationalistic, or materialistic objections, Jesus said, "that which is born of the spirit is spirit" that is, the new birth has nothing to do with the outer, or fleshy nature, but the spiritual one. But what is birth in itself considered? We answer, it is that change or transition by which we pass from a germinal, or concealed form of life into actual, conscious relationship with an outward and visible form of life. The birth of man's body, is not the birth, however, of even intellectual consciousness. That is a subsequent event, and when that is fully born, the spiritual consciousness is still in embryo. Its instructive motions, like those of the child *in utero*, are often apparent to those who have passed the change and comprehend its meaning. By spiritual consciousness, we mean a consciousness of our own personal, spiritual self-hood, and its relations to the universal spirit world. This glorious perception is sometimes of slow development, while at others, the inner sight seems to be opened at once, and man gives way to the most tumultuous expressions of joy. This not unfrequently, occurs in religious revivals, and the excitement is proportioned to the previous insensibility to spiritual realities. Nor is it at all to be wondered at. To arouse at once, from the profound darkness of the womb of external, material life, to the vivid realization of a spiritual nature and an immortal life, is enough to call forth the wildest demonstrations of joy. To be sure this change introduces us only into the infantile condition of spiritual life. But it is hardly that weak, dependent one, which characterizes our fleshly birth. Religionists and Rationalists have both overlooked this easy and simple solution of the so-called mystery of the new birth, and both can here meet in harmony, and declare, that, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. "Ye must be born again." "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but joy and peace in the Holy Ghost" Soul states, or soul joys and relations, constitute the real kingdom of heaven. It was a true perception of this truth which led the ancient Hindoos to call spiritual men "twice born persons." In this light, Regeneration is one of the natural stages of soul experience, modified by conditions so far as its accidents are concerned, but inevitably certain in the grand order of human progress. The question of sin, and its removal, belongs to another branch of the subject; it is not involved in the question we are now considering, only in an incidental manner.

Very grave considerations are suggested by this view of this important truth of human experience. If the new birth be an orderly process of nature, and hence naturally, following the birth and partial unfolding of the reason or intellectual consciousness, we can hardly fail to conclude that most efforts to instruct children in spiritual knowledge are premature, and therefore wrong. As the unborn or ungrown babe is utterly incapable of logical comprehension, so the unborn soul, "the natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit, because they are spiritually discerned." So far as the externalism of the spiritual life is concerned, the outward evidences of spiritual existence, these, inasmuch as they appeal only to the reason are level to the capacity of the young, but beyond that we cannot go. Hence, to crowd spiritual teaching upon the child mind, is to burden it with a mass of incomprehensible dogmas, which may serve to make it a bigot, but can never aid in a true spiritual growth. In view of this I can but regard sectarian Sunday schools as the veriest pests conceivable. They are doing what will cost their victims years of toil to undo.

Another question will occur to the thoughtful mind, as to the propriety or wisdom of special efforts, to induce that transition in our vital experience, which is so fitly termed the new birth. What is nature's answer? Abortions are monstrous. When the full term of gestation is completed, then will occur the birth. To attempt to anticipate that period, is high offense against the Divine order of the Universe. What then shall we say of Modern Revivalists? Simply that they are spiritual abortionists, guilty of the highest crime against God and Nature.

The doctrine of old school Calvinists, that God will do this work in his own good time, is not so very far from the truth. Considered philosophically, it announces the correct idea. Of course, it is not intended, in these remarks to ignore or undervalue culture, but to present the doctrine that the culture of man should correspond with the natural order of his mental development. This would make the spiritual last, highest and divinest. It would, moreover, assume that the best preparation for each successive phase of evolution, is thorough culture in that which preceded it. The appropriate training preparatory to the birth of the logical consciousness, is, the storing the memory with abundance of facts, while the appropriate, preliminary culture to usher in the birth of the spiritual consciousness, is the rigid training of the reason. Everything then is in readiness for the new born child, and it will be well cared for and nourished.

Physical, human nature, is the teeming womb, wherein gestates the reason and the spirit. Give that nature the best conditions possible. Cultivate the many sided intellect when born, and in due time, the spiritual consciousness will be unfolded—the spirit will be born into that self-consciousness of which we have written, with the accessory perception of universal spiritual relationship. But, "let no man call God his Father, who calls not man, (all men,) his brother." There can be no real birth of the spirit, which does not include this keen perception of the solidarity of mankind. It was a most pertinent inquiry of John, "if you love not your brother whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?"

We close with this remark, that here, as elsewhere, the dogmas of theology have *contained*, while they have *concealed* the truth As the Monasteries, during the dark ages, contained and concealed the classical literature of Greece and Rome, so theology has concealed in its dark sayings, the treasured experiences of human souls. If we have uncovered, in this article, one of those buried gems, we are content.

SLANDER.

"The foulest whelp of Sin."—*Pollok.*

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'twas mine; 'tis his and has been slave to thousands. But, he who robs me of my good name, takes, what not enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed."—*Shakespear*

Among the "ills that flesh is heir to," no one is more unsparingly denounced in scripture, in poetry, and we may also add, in prose, than the disposition to injure or destroy the reputation of another. St. James, alluding to the tongue as the instrument of Slander, declares it to be "set on fire of hell." Another writer compares the Slanderer to one, who "scatters abroad fire brands, arrows and death." Shakespeare calls it robbery, and far more heinous than robbery of mere personal wealth; while many others regard it as only second, in the dark catalogue of crimes, to wilful murder. As Spiritualists, recognizing the principle of charity as the supreme law of human brother-hood, we cannot denounce the slanderer in the accents of unpitying condemnation This would be to do the very thing we deprecate. But we are called upon as philosophers, to analyse the peculiar combination of qualities, which give rise to this very unfortunat exhibition of human weakness, littleness and animalism.

Pollok calls slander the daughter of envy, and says, "what made the man of envy what he was, was worth in others, meanness in himself."

This sentence, though somewhat severe, reveals in part the truth. Selfishness, which is animal, is the prolific root from which spring the rank shoots of jealousy, envy, egotism, vanity and hate. These, mingling in a composite unity, form the basis of Slander. The unfortunate victims of this disease, seeing others toiling along the path of life, are possessed with the strange fear that their success will inure to their defeat; that honor bestowed on another, is reproach to themselves; that all love and affection rendered to others, is a real robbery of what by right belongs to them; and, acting from the blindness and insanity of their condition, they catch up every whisper of derogation, however old and false, and with alterations and emendations, to suit the occasion, set it afloat upon the moving sea of human thought. Sensitive minds, thus abused, suffer exceedingly, and often sink down in sorrow and despair. Some stronger and more combative, fight and avenge themselves by damaging the Slanderer, while others leave their reputation to God and the future. Those, who listen and believe shut themselves out from the good they would otherwise receive from those who are thus slandered. Probably one half the conversation of this enlightened and christian people, is either directly slanderous, or is called out by that vile practice. What can cure it? Nothing but spiritual mindedness. So soon as we have outgrown the selfish animalism of our natures sufficiently to interiorly sense the great fact of brotherhood, we shall begin to realize a growing disrelish to speak disparagingly of our fellows, or listen to it from another.

Knowing the impossibility of comprehending all the facts which enter into the human conduct, we shall fear to utter sentences of condemnation lest we be mistaken, and find when too late, that we have thrust the poisoned shaft into an innocent bosom, and have thus hedged up the way of one better than ourselves. Above all people, Spiritualists, and especially Spiritualist lecturers should be beyond and above such wretched and degrading work. Should those whom the angels have called to the ministry of love and truth, prostitute themselves to the work of hate and falsehood? Should those sent to bind up the wounds of humanity forgetting their mission, wield the sword of hell, and make more ghastly wounds than they can ever heal? Sent with the golden nectar of the heavens, shall they in its stead, present the poisoned chalice of hate and death? Commissioned to lift up the fallen, shall they heap additional weight thereon? One of their sublimest occupations being to reclaim the erring, shall they devote themselves to hedging up the way of their return to goodness and truth? Inspired to speak the gentle language of instruction and kindness, can they hiss out the fiery denunciations? No, no; such manifestations cannot come from Spiritualists. They are the works of the *carnal* man or woman.

And as such they will be seen and recognized by all really noble and enlightened minds. Buzzards and crows will eagerly gather to the carrion feast, but let them not think by their hoarse cawings, to lure the gentle dove to their vile repast. Let the peacock flaunt its gaudy colors in the transient sunshine of fulsome adulation and brainless flattery, but let it never dream that its ugly voice will be mistaken for the sweet inimitable song of Philomel. So neither can the serpent animalism of unprogressed humanity, by any hypocritical garb of assumed purity, or sanctity, conceal the sinuous motion which indicates the reptile nature. The slanderous tongue betrays the lurking venom of the snake.

In the universal providence of being, slander has its use. It is the proclamation of mean souls of their nature. They thus are known by the noble. In the great reflex action of all forces it punishes its authors. It tests and perfects the patience of noble minds. It is an exponent of the festering ulcers and latent evils of human life; and hence, is an index to the efforts to cure. 'Tis a corroding alkali, which upon the acid greenness of human nature, keeps a constant fermentation of its conflicting elements, counteracting the tendency to utter stagnation. Happy are they who need no such influence.

Ancient Hebrew Mediums.

The Hebrew Prophet, in his highest form, was a solitary and savage man, residing with lions when he was not waylaying kings, on whose brow the scorching sun of Syria had charactered its fierce and swathy hue, and whose dark eye swam with fine insanity gathered from solitary communing with the sand, the sea, the mountains and the sky, as well as with the light of a divine afflatus. He had lain in the cockatrice's den; he had put his hand on the hole of an asp; he had spent the night on lion surrounded trees, and slept amid their hungry roar; he had swam in the Dead Sea, or haunted like a ghost those dreary caves that lowered around it; he had drank of the melted snow on the tops of Lebanon; at Sinai he had traced and trod on the burning footsteps of Jehovah; he had heard messages at midnight which made his hair to arise and his skin to creep; he had been wet with the dews of the night, and girt with the demons of the wilderness; he had been tossed up and down like a leaf, upon the strong and veering storm of his inspiration. He was essentially a lonely man cut off by gulf upon gulf from tender ties and human associations. He had no home; a wife he might be permitted to marry, but as in case of Hosea, the permission might only be to him a cause, and to his people an emblem, and when (as in the case of Ezekiel) her death became necessary as a sign, she died, and left him in the same austere seclusion in which he had existed before. The power which came upon him, cut, by its fierce coming, all the threads which bound him to his kind, tore him from the plow, or the pastoral solitude, and hurried him to the desert, and thence to the foot of the throne, or to the wheel of the chariot. And how startling his coming to crowned or conquered guilt! Wild from the wilderness bearded like its lion; the fury of God glaring in his eye; his mantle heaving to his heaving breast; his word stern, swelling, tinged on their edge with terrible poetry; his attitude dignity, his gesture power—how did he burst upon the astonished gaze, how swift and solemn his entrance; how short and spirit-like his stay; how dreamy, yet how distinctly dreadful, the impression made by his words long after they had ceased to tingle on the ear; and how mysterious the solitude into which he seemed to melt away Poet; nay, Prophet were a feeble name for such a being. He was a momentary incarnation—a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on by the breath of the Eternal.

For the Present Age.

A Model Wife.

BY L. C. WILLIAMS.

A Model Wife, as countless ink-spillers call her, is none other than a fool. And a man-writer has filled nearly a column of the *Constitutional Union* of Battle Creek Mich. in proving that no "sensible man" wants a "highly accomplished woman for a wife," He says, "just in proportion to the extent of exaltation you bestow upon her genius, do you fill her with disgust for those vulgar trifles upon which the comforts of home depend." Well, that writer touched a truth, when he wrote that sentence, for, when woman's intellectuality shall be developed, when she knows her powers, when she lives in the realm of thought, as well as affection, when her work calls out the faculties of her head, then, as true as the stars shine, will she be called from the ceaseless routine of nothings, and her inventive brain will produce a system whereby one frying pan will fry meat enough for her own, and many other families; and where a co-operative loaf of bread will be baked, by some one whose taste calls for nothing higher than such a mission, and but one bread pan to wash, then she will find, that there are countless *great things* to do for her truth-loving, wisdom-seeking brain, and the knitting may be left to the numerous old bachelors and maiden ladies, who suffer for homes and employment; or let them use one of the many labor-saving machines in the work of sewing or knitting. The slave-drivers took the same position of this writer, and the poor negro was kept in ignorance of his name, age, or the alphabet. "Knowledge is power," and poor Cuffy was forbidden to listen when men talked upon themes which might enlighten his dark mind. If the writer had said, no *selfish* man wants an accomplished wife, no man who holds his children's mother, as he does his cow or horse, to minister to his selfish appetites, or supply his animal nature, he would have told in brief, the whole story.

He says, "her head must be stored with household receipts," *i. e.*, cookies, pies etc, to administer to the stomach. "A mind imbued with virtuous principles instead of Kant or Cousin." Let the men look into these vice-producing metaphysical studies; women must be ignorant and virtuous. Again, "a soul not above buttons." One who knows more of shirt than speech making; and finally, he concludes his senseless tirade, given for the benefit of women who desire to marry, by saying, "this sensible (*i e* selfish) man" is aware that all literary history mocks at the hope of finding a brilliant mind, in connection with a domestic woman. He confesses they, (the cultured) are pleasant to converse with, their talents are to be admired, their wit lauded, their *society enjoyed*. But, this "sensible man," chooses to select what he terms, a more substantial wife. His acquisitiveness calls for a woman who knows no aim higher than the "vulgar trifles," *i e* buttons, household receipts, shirt-making, and the like. He despises a gossip, but does-not seem tothink the narrow minded women, who meet over a cup of green tea to discuss household affairs, are the ignorant gossips who tire of kitchen receipts, and float away in slander about their neighbors. No truly cultured women or men ever spend their precious time in gossip, it belongs to ignorance and brains who know nothing higher.

Evidently that man or writer, does-not know what *culture is*; and has overthrown his own argument when he declares he loves the *society* of the cultured woman, and the *services* of the uncultured, one who knows more of shirt-making than books. Ah! but Mr. Man! you will soon awaken to find women are not to be confined to the narrow sphere of domestic drudgery. She has talents which when properly brought forth, will fit her for positions of honor, of which she now knows nothing. Her energies will not be expended in adorning herself to *please* you, nor will her life be devoted to toil, from which she shrinks many times with intense disgust.

From the Index.

Answers.

In another column will be found certain questions respecting the use of the Bible in the public schools, addressed to us by an unknown correspondent. It is the usual practice of editors to take no notice of anonymous communications—a practice we adopt. But we make no exception in the present case, and propose to answer these questions as unambiguously as possible.

1 The reading of the Bible should not be allowed *as a religious exercise* in schools supported by public taxes, for the simple reason that these taxes are imposed for *educational* and not *religious* purposes. No matter whether all the scholars are obliged to join in the exercise or not—no matter whether all are obliged to listen to it or not—the school-taxes are raised under false pretenses, if they are used for any but educational purposes. No religious exercise, whether reading from the Bible, singing hymns, offering prayer, or any other act of worship, can be permitted without converting the public schools into religious institutions to that extent. This general objection is strengthened by the facts that reading the Bible without comment is not only a religious, but also a Protestant Christian, exercise; and that Catholics as well as Protestants, Jews and "infidels" as well as Christians, must pay the school taxes. We are therefore opposed to any and every use of the Bible or religious exercise in the schools.

But "Inquirer" suggests that the Bible may be used as a "text-book"—thus betraying a half-consciouness that it ought not to be used in the schools for religious purposes; and, since halfness is the chief characteristic of Protestantism, we surmise that "Inquirer" is a Protestant. Text-book for *what*? Let us see.

For *science*? The Bible will hardly serve as a text-book for geology in these days, or for astronomy, or for any other science known to us. It is at present the chief obstacle to the advance of the sciences, and would be worse than useless a as scientific text-book. The Berlin clergyman Knaak, denying that the earth moves round the sun, illustrates the kind of science which is derived from the Bible.

For *history*? The criticism of Niebuhr and his successors, pitilessly exploding the myths and miraculous narratives of Livy, has been applied to the Bible by Ewald, Bunsen, Strauss and a host of others, with similar results. No well-informed school-committee would recommend the Bible as an historical text-book; and, foreseeing its treatment in the hands of competent instructors of history, we suspect that "Inquirer" himself would rather see the Bible quietly withdrawn from the schools altogether than treated as a text-book in this manner.

For *morals*? Some have defended the use of the Bible in the public schools as a text-book of morals; and possibly "Inquirer" may refer to their arguments. But the Bible will fare no better as a treatise on ethics than as a treatise on science or history. The worst morals are taught in the Bible as plainly as the best. The maledictory Psalms are as much a part of it as the Beautitudes. There is the same need of careful and independent discrimination in its ethical as in its scientific or historical teachings.

The only subject on which the Bible is really a text-book is *religion—Jewish and Christian*; and it is precisely this subject which, on account of the conflict in public opinion concerning religion, ought not to be taught in the schools at all. We are therefore opposed to the use of the Bible in the schools "even as a text-book."

2. We believe that the law should strictly prohibit all use of the Bible in the schools *as a religious exercise;* and that there is no reason for using it as a text-book on any subject which ought to be taught there.

3 and 4. We believes there is no more reason for excluding the Declaration of Independence, the national hymns, essays containing religious allusions, or declamation from Webster, Curran, Parker and others, simply because they allude to God or Heaven, than there is for excluding Homer or Virgil for alluding to Zeus and Jupiter, Tartarus and Elysium. These works are all used for literary and other legitimate educational purposes. If the Iliad or the Æneid were used in the *worship* of mythological personages, they should be excluded for the same reason that the Bible should be excluded—because they would be used for religious, and not educationaltional purposes. Or if they were used to inculcate the *ethics* of Hellas and Rome, they would be as ill-fitted for text-books as the Bible. They are used, however, with perfect propriety, for purposes of literary culture and the study of ancient languages, notwithstanding their mythological allusions; and when thus used, we should be the last to exclude them from the schools. Neither would we prohibit any purely literary use of the Bible itself; although it is so plainly impossible, at present, to use the Bible for any *purely* literary purpose, that we should look with extreme distavor on any attempt to smuggle it into the schools under pretence of its literary character. Our objections on this point will be obviated when rational views of the Bible are thoroughly disseminted throughout the community.

5. The answer we have have just given to interrogatories 3 and 4 contain by implication our answer to this interrogatory. The radical position on this subject of using the Bible in the schools is altogether too strong to be reduced to absurdity by any such irrelevant questions. Of course no "censor" should be appointed to sift out of general literature all its religious allusions. We, at least, cherish no ambition for the appointment, nor shall we volunteer to draw up a catalogue of objectionable words or passages. THE INDEX is not the Pope's *Index Expurgatorius*.

We have thus answered the questions raised with directness, and, we trust, with courtesy. But we would not be understood as treating the Bible with contempt. For its many beautiful and noble words, we feel as true an appreciation as the stoutest stickler for its enjoined use in the public schools. They make a part, and a very precious part, of the religious literature we have all inherited from the past. But they are so mixed with other words which can be approved neither by an educated intellect nor by an enlightened conscience, that thoughtful persons are compelled to winnow the wheat from the chaff. This, however, has nothing to do with the main question. It every verse in the Bible taught a lesson as grand as the Golden Rule, none the less would the Bible be used improperly, if used for religious purposes in our common schools. As long as the people are divided in religious sentiments and convictions, just so long will it be a grievance to a portion of them for the State to show any partialty towards the religious sentiments and convictions of the rest. The schools are for ALL. Let them, then, be so managed as to aggrieve NONE.

An Extract.

I deny that the man who trades in grain is entitled to more pay per diem, or per annum, than the man who plows, and plants the seed, and reaps the crop; or, that the man who buys a pair of boots or a yard of cloth, and sells them again, is entitled to more pay than the man who wove the cloth or pegged the boots.

Whatever work is necessary to be done should be paid for, and whatever is not necessary, should not be done at all; but no one kind of labor should be better paid than another.

If any difference of price were allowable, that work which is the most necessary should be the best paid. It will not be denied that the production of food is first in importance; next would come the manufacture of clothing, houses, farm implements and furniture; and away down in the list of useful employments would come 'exchange,' or buying and selling what others had produced. This last occupation could be dispensed with, but the production of food could not; neither could we do without clothes, houses, plows, nor a thousand other articles of domestic and agricultural use.

Why, then' should we pay ten or twenty times as much for services that could be dispensed with, as we do for the production of indispensible articles, without which we could not live a month? I admit the convenience, and even necessity, sometimes, of 'middle men'—men to trade between producer and consumer—and I am willing to award them an equal share in the profits of business. I am willing that they should have, at the end of the year, after paying all necessary expenses, as much as is allowed those who produce those articles, and no more."—*Capital and Labor.*

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STATIONS.	Mail	Day Exp	Dex Ac.	Evg Ex.	Pac. Exp
	A M	A M	P M	P M	P M
Detroit, dep.	7.50	11.00	11 00	5.50	10.08
Ypsilanti	9.15	12.13	12.13	7.08	11.13
Ann Arbor	9.40	12.30	6.40	7.40	11.35
Jackson	11.25	2.15	.....	9.15	AM 1.00
Marshall	PM12.50	3.23	.....	10.40	2.10
BattleCreek	1.45	3.48	.....	11.15	2.37
Kalamazoo	2.45	4.35	AM 5.50	AM12.22	3.30
Niles	4.50	PM 6.10	7.45	2.35	5.10
Mich City	6.22	7.45	9.35	4.05	6.43
Chicago. Ar.	8.50	10.00	12.00	6.30	9.00

TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Dex Ac.	Mail	Day Exp	At'c Exp	Ng't Exp
	M	A M	A M	P M	P M
Chicago.	4:00	5:00	8.00	4:15	9:00
Mich City	6:22	7.25	10.12	7:00	11:15
Niles	7:52	9.00	11.25	8:35	AM12:40
Kalamazoo	10:00	PM 11:00	1.03	10:25	2:25
BattleCre'k	.....	11.58	1.45	11:12	3:20
Marshall	.....	12.50	2.35	11:48	3:53
Jackson	.....	2.15	3:43	AM. 1:00	5:15
Ann Arbor	A M 7:45	4.00	4:55	2:15	6:50
Ypsilanti	8:10	4.25	5:15	2:35	7:10
Detroit.	9:25	5.50	6:20	3:40	8:20

DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	Express.	MAIL.	Accom.	Night Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Detroit	8.20 A.M.	9.00 A.M.	3.40 P.M.	9.00 P.M.
Pontiac	9.50	10.30	5.00	10.55
Holly	10.40	11.40	6.10	12.10 A.M
Owosso	.....	1.20 P.M.	.....	2.08
St. Johns	.....	2.30	.....	3.22
Pewamo	.....	3.10	.....	
Muir	.....	3.25	.....	4.32
Ionia	.....	3.46	.....	4.52
Grand Rapids	.....	5.00	.....	6.50
Nunica	.....	6.05	.....	8.25
Grand Haven	.....	6.30	.....	9 00

TRAINS EASTWARD

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Express.	Night Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Grand Haven	.....	8.00 A.M.	.....	6.40 P.M.
Nunica	.....	8.25	.....	7.20
Grand Rapids	.....	9.25	.....	8.40
Ionia	.....	10.45	.....	11.05
Muir	.....	11.00	.....	11:25
Pewamo	.....	11.15	.....	11.43
St. Johns	.....	11.55	.....	12.30 A.M.
Owosso	.....	1.05	.....	1.37
Holly	10.00 A.M.	2.35	4.15 P.M.	3.20
Pontiac	11.05	3.40	5.00	4.50
Detroit	12.30	5.15	6.15	6.25

Detroit, Dec., 1869. THOS. BELL, Gen'l Supt.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R.

(Kalamazoo Division.)

GOING NORTH.

Leave White Pigeon, 2:10 A.M., 6:00 P.M., 4:45P.M., 9:00 A.M., 9:00 A.M.
Arrive Three Rivers, 2:40 a.m., 6:40 p.m., 5:40 p.,m.,10:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m.
Arrive at Kalamazoo, 4:35 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 1:25 a.m.
Arrive at Allegan, 6:15 a.m., 9:33 p.m., 10:20 a.m., 4:40